

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S thoroughly diplomatic position, refusing to grant charters to railroads running through alleged United States territory into British country and there finding entrance to Dawson City, is being taken advantage of by those who opposed the Canadian Government's scheme for a supply railroad, defeated in the Senate a couple of sessions ago. The position of affairs is absolutely different. At the time of the Mackenzie-Mann proposition, even Sir Charles Tupper favored it. Since the falling down of the Quebec Commission and the Washington Conference no one could possibly approve of it. The present status of the whole business seems to be that Canada must wait till British diplomacy defines the temporary situation, as Canada will ultimately have to leave it to arbitrators. Under circumstances which could not have been foretold, it may be, and I think is, fortunate that the Mackenzie-Mann contract was not carried out, but this is not a reflection on the Government at the time, nor does it abolish the unhappy condition of being without railroad communication at present. We certainly need a railroad, and Dawson City needs a railroad, and the whole country needs a railroad, but in the face of diplomatic difficulties, not only Canadians, but the people of the United States themselves, must go without it until we have some *modus vivendi* established with regard to the Alaskan frontier.

CANADIANS are too apt to overlook the changing tide of Pacific trade. The last year or two has created a new era in the far East, and before it is too late every influence that Canada possesses should be brought to bear upon the British Government to prove that now is the time to strike in the matter of closer communication with Australasia. These islands, situated far from the center of the British Empire, are thoroughly British, yet, naturally enough, thoroughly selfish in their struggle for direct communication with the outside world. Three years ago the Conference settled the basis of a Pacific cable between Canada and these far-away climes. The conference with regard to a Pacific cable was not the first; the subject has been discussed for many years, and had always been nebulous until the time when New Zealand promised to pay a ninth, New South Wales a ninth, Victoria a ninth, Queensland a ninth, and Canada agreed to pay half of the remainder, which is five-eighths, the British Commissioner, on behalf of the Empire, tentatively agreeing to pay the remainder. Of course this was not a solemn agreement, but it was an arrangement, and with this arrangement as a basis tenders were called for, the cost established, and it was made evident that for \$40,000,000 the cable could be built, and kept in repair for at least three years. The prospects of earning a good dividend were also discussed and considered satisfactory. The best men in the Empire endorsed the scheme, both as to the original cost and the probability of it being a profitable as well as Imperial enterprise. Nothing since has been accomplished, though the Parliament of Canada introduced a resolution authorizing the executive to proceed with the scheme. It is necessary for legislation to follow the resolution, and Canada should hasten to put itself on record as having accepted the finding of the Conference in full and being in a position to carry out the scheme as outlined. Great Britain, it is true, has receded from her position, but this is no reason why Canada should recede from hers. Though the least benefited by the scheme, the Dominion should be most exact in keeping faith, and if then the project falls to the ground Australasia will not blame this colony, but must insist upon the Mother Country either explaining her failure to fulfill the agreement, or explaining her reasons for receding from the original position.

Not only should Canada do this, but it should do it at once. It appears at present, though it may be explained later on, that Great Britain has not quite kept faith with her colonies in this matter. The proposal of the Imperial authorities to grant a certain sum per annum under certain conditions is delusive and equivalent to nothing more than a polite refusal. Canada cannot, however, recede from her original position, and it must be made apparent to our Australasian friends that we have not thrown them down. Great Britain's new proposition and the one to which publication is just now being given, are both far away from the original idea. Great Britain apparently proposes to act as note shaver in the matter, giving her guarantee of a debt which is already sufficiently guaranteed, and thereby getting better terms from the money lenders, but exacting in return a commission which it is to be feared the colonies will not pay. This is not a dignified position for Great Britain. The conditions are of the most vague and extraordinary character. An officer of the Federal Government is to dictate the conditions of the laying and operation of the cable. Of course he may insist upon laying a cable which would be so expensive as to make any profit on it an impossibility. He may dictate rates which would be so high as to preclude the possibility of profitable business. He might make them so low as to make it impossible to make the affair a success. He may insist upon such favors being shown to Great Britain as would make an harmonious continuance of the bargain out of the question. No government, no matter how colonial in its formation and Imperialistic in its tendency or unbusinesslike in its methods, could accept any such arrangement. The cable having been once laid and the impossibility of working it as a Government institution having been established by undue interference, the probabilities are that it would be sold to a competitor, and Government control, which is the *sine qua non* of the whole arrangement, cast aside. For these reasons Canada is absolutely within proper lines when she refuses anything but an equal partnership with Great Britain in the remainder of the unsecured balance of the cost; that is, that which has not been guaranteed by the other colonies to be served. This, however, does not relieve Canada from the peremptory duty of fulfilling to the uttermost limit her agreement. Let legislation be at once introduced authorizing the Government to proceed to the completion of the cable upon the basis laid down by the Conference, leaving the other colonies to follow in her wake if they will, and Great Britain to refuse or accept as she sees fit. This legislation should be completed during the present session of Parliament, for no time is to be lost. If Great Britain does not appreciate the gravity of the situation, Canada does, and will show its appreciation by its early fulfillment of its agreement.

That the present moment is vital in this matter is apparent to those who understand the extraordinary situation in the United States. During the last session of Congress a measure was introduced, but not passed, for the laying of a Pacific cable from San Francisco or some point on the United States coast, by the newly acquired territory of the Hawaiian Islands, running thence to the Philippines and connecting with the mainland of Asia. Now that the United States has become permanently entangled with the Philippines such a cable line will be absolutely necessary, and in the next session of Congress, no doubt, the bill will be re-introduced and passed. The authorities at Washington are not such novices in business as to build this line without making connection with Australia, and when once Australasia is possessed of the competitive cable communication for which it now clamors, it is exceedingly doubtful if it will be anxious, or even willing, to enter into any agreement with Canada or Great Britain. If we do not do something to bind them to their bargain without loss of time, the United States will have laid their cable and established a communication with them, which will seem to them quite sufficient, and the basis of the conference of '96 will have been destroyed.

That this will permanently injure business between Australia and Canada is evident, therefore Hon. Mr. Mulock, who is being

called upon by the press at the present moment to hurry himself up—though there is no doubt of his loyalty to the movement, he having given it new vigor during the time of the Postal Conference—should not lose an hour in perfecting the legislation which has been outlined. When Canada has done her part, no politician nor political party can claim that we were the ones to let the opportunity escape us. The proposition is not now vague, for the best men in the world have pronounced upon the feasibility of the scheme, have estimated the cost, and tenderers have declared their willingness to undertake the work. It seems to be a question whether the British Empire or the United States should control the business voice from the great isolated continent which is under the same flag as ourselves and which has so much sympathy with us in business as well as in politics.

Certain pessimists have declared that should this British cable be built to Australasia, it will not be able, owing to lapse of time, to make connection with Hong Kong. It is true that the Eastern Extension Cable Company have a line from Singapore to Hong Kong, and that the time has elapsed during which the British Government could take it over. A clause, however, in the charter of this Eastern Extension Company provides that it can be taken over at any time if the new project is for the benefit of Great Britain or the Empire. Surely we need not be afraid that the British Parliament or the British people will not declare that the present situation demands that an all-British cable through Canada to Great Britain is an affair of Imperial importance.

Outside of this, however, if we view the whole project as a commercial one, and find Great Britain connected with Canada

to maintain me and mine," must be listened to by every citizen whether he belongs to a religious organization or not. We may have a great difference of opinion as to what is necessary to maintain a man and his family, but we have never yet—no matter how divergent our views—agreed that it can be done for ninety-eight cents a day. In the matter of the Grand Trunk and its dividends we have little concern, for Canada practically built the Grand Trunk—not originally, but as it is now—and if its stock has been watered and the amount upon which dividends have to be paid has been exaggerated by the cupidity of its officers, that is the concern of the corporation, not a matter to be considered by the citizenship of Canada.

If the men high in control get from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year; if the charges upon the public for freight and passenger rates are higher than in many adjacent States in the Republic; if the business should be profitable whether it is or not, is not being enquired into. The one fact, that men who have to live like settlers in the remotest parts of Canada are forced to take care of the track in summer and winter at ninety-eight cents a day, is the only problem before us for solution. There is no avenue by which a sectionman can become general manager. He is out of sight of the management; he is simply like a spike that holds down the rail. He may become a section-boss at a dollar and a half a day; there is a remote possibility that he may become roadmaster for a little district; but what he gets now is very largely a measure of what he will get during the whole period of his employment. His dangers, his responsibilities, his privations, are great; and no matter how the Grand Trunk may argue, the sentiment of this country is that there are no ninety-eight-cent men in it who are fit to take care of a

clemency, and if he only perseveres in his present course there will be some possibility of establishing in this country the rule that the taker of human life must have his or her life taken when there is no argument of justifiable homicide. Murderers are hanged, of course, because executions deter those of criminal impulse from committing murder, and the executions are justified by Scriptural law as well as the laws that civilization has made.

Outside of this, however, there is a strong argument of which I never lose sight. It is hard enough for people nowadays to make a living for themselves. Why, then, should they be taxed to provide a fairly comfortable living for murderers who are incarcerated for life? Of course it is more cruel to keep the murderer in an isolated cell until he dies a natural death, than to kill him promptly, but we are not looking for cruelty or tortures as a punishment of crime. When a lad, a man or a woman forfeits his or her life, it should be taken rather than that honest people should be taxed for the maintenance of these depraved creatures. The life of a murderous criminal is of no use to himself, and it is a menace to the community, for the only thing that makes that life more endurable than immediate death is the hope of pardon or escape. That either should defeat the course of the law would be to destroy the benefit of a life sentence, or a death sentence, upon a criminal. All this being undoubtedly true, why should we go on feeding and clothing, and practically torturing, those who deserve to die. For the safety of the community, and for the benefit of the murderer himself, let the deed of blood be wiped out at once by the old-fashioned process. Sentimentality in the matter should be ruled out. As the victim has no chance of a reprieve, neither should such a hope be held out to the murderer.

THE question of savings banks in schools seems to me altogether out of the realm of our educational system. Hundreds of times I have protested against the idea that the schoolteacher and the school system should be looked upon as superseding the teachings of the father and the mother at the fireside. Are those who have homes and are bringing up children, to be freed from all the cares of teaching children the graces and virtues of life? We have our parsons clamoring for the schools to teach religion, which should be taught by the father and mother, or in Sunday schools, and by the pastor himself. We look to our schools to teach the youngsters good manners, cleanliness, care of their teeth. Teachers are nowadays expected to see that the youngster has not a bad breath, ill-combed hair, unblackened boots, dirty hands, and all that sort of thing. Now it is proposed that the youngsters are to be taught by the schoolteachers to take care of their pennies, and to engage in a sort of a competitive scramble for the storing up of money, which they either need for the trifles of their little lives, or else which they should not possess. Johnnie Jones is to show Jimmie Smith that he can get more pennies and save more of them in a year, and Lucy Long is to be made purse-proud by beating Sallie Short in having a school-room bank account. The suggestion is nothing but rubbish, and very pernicious rubbish at that. The parents should teach the children how to save their pennies or should not give them pennies to save. The abominable idolatry of money, which is the curse of our ordinary lives, should not be taught in our Public schools. If youngsters are taught to labor and to wait, the lessons most necessary to this era, this will be the nearest approach to economical instruction that preachers or teachers should attempt. The dizzy and devilish race for money comes soon enough to those who are not level-headed enough to avoid being either sluggards, misers or speculators. To start them in childhood with an idea of getting money for money's sake, is a poor scheme.

Parents may very well give their children a little money for the purpose of teaching them not only to have, but to keep. Everyone should know the virtue of saving something lest a rainy day may find them unprovided, but such a theory of saving is altogether different from what the system of a Public school savings bank would result in. One is thoroughly domestic, the other is more or less public and ostentatious. The difference between the two is as great as that between the man who saves money and brags about it, and the one who saves money from the gentlest of motives—that the wolf shall not come to the door and find the family defenceless.

THE cartoon re-published on this page from the Los Angeles Times has an interest quite apart from the idea portrayed by the artist. It is a rather unusual thing for a newspaper published in the United States to make a conspicuous admission of the fact that Canada has something to give as well as something to get in case of a friendly adjustment of the difficulties between the two countries, and this cartoon frankly admits the truth. The press of the United States has nearly always disregarded the facts when trade with Canada has been up for consideration, describing this country as a northern wilderness, with no trade to speak of and with no hope of living save by the good favor of the United States. These erroneous ideas are rapidly making way for a sane comprehension of the situation, and this cartoon from a remote newspaper is an additional proof of it.



Canada to Uncle Sam—"I don't want to play in your yard. I don't love you any more. You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down my cellar door."

Uncle Sam—"You shan't holler down my rain barrel. I don't want to play in your yard. If you won't be good to me."

## THE RELATIONS ARE STRAINED.

—Los Angeles Sunday Times.

by cable and with Vancouver by telegraph, and Vancouver and Victoria connected by cable with Australia—where the lines are under Government control—everyone will declare that this great system is of incalculable Imperial importance. This being the case, the line which runs from Singapore to Hong Kong will be entirely at the mercy of the greater cable, and its managers will be anxious to instantaneously convert it into a part of the Imperial system, or accept from it rates satisfactory to us all.

The next session of Congress may put all this vast system of British communication into the hole by offering British colonies in Australasia terms which would make them recede from the terms established by the Conference of '96. This being the case, Great Britain will be blind to its own opportunity if it does not return to the original basis of agreement. With this, however, we have little to do, except that we perform our own part, the selfish basis of which is easily discernible. Therefore, during the present session, Hon. Mr. Mulock, who is alleged by the Opposition papers to have the matter in hand, should ask for definite legislation that he may lay before the Imperial authorities his completion of everything that Canada had agreed to do, and thereby show not only our good faith and friendliness, but the fact that though least interested in this matter as a trade project—great as it must be to us all—we are foremost in keeping to our bargain, and again first of all the colonies in leading the way to closer communication with the outlying sections of the Empire. "Now or never" seems to be the phrase. Is the United States to have its ear to the telephone connected with Australasia, or is Canada to listen to the order, fill it, or transmit it to Great Britain?

THE Methodist Church, in taking up the question of the strike at the recent Conference, was certainly not going outside of its duty. The sooner the churches appreciate the fact that they have much to do with feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and sheltering the homeless, the better off they will be and the greater influence they will have upon the affections of the masses. Neither the Methodist Church nor any writer or speaker has ever thought of making the Church cry, the open sesame to a workless world in which the idle will be well fed and clad at public expense. But the cry that "I cannot get work," or the complaint that "I am working for less money than is necessary

track or anything else. They may rectify the wrong or they may be successful in perpetuating it, but the verdict of the people will always be the same.

It will be a great pity if the Lakes of Killarney are permitted to pass into the hands of a United States millionaire who, it is said, is about to buy the Muckross estate. County Kerry is poor enough, and the village of Killarney is said to be the poorest on earth, but if the lakes are so guarded as to prevent the continual inflow of visitors who go up through the Gap of Dunloe and along the Lakes, two remunerative employments of the people, those of begging from, and guiding, strangers, will be gone. Years ago, when I first visited Ireland, I described the beauties and the miseries of Killarney, and pointed out the great injustice of permitting the lands to remain in deer parks, when from four to eight pounds an acre was the price asked for small holdings upon which the people could raise potatoes. For many years the Herberts of Muckross have been almost as poor as the peasantry, their holdings having been mortgaged, and the one who was heir of the family at that time was working in New York at twelve or fifteen dollars a week. Should the lands be sold it will not be the fault of the Herberts, but it will reflect upon both the people of Ireland and of Great Britain generally. These lakes of marvelous beauty, and the mountains that surround them, have for centuries been peopled by legend, song and story, with spirits which are almost sacred to Irishmen the world over. If a Yankee speculator should get hold of the territory, which is insignificant as an agricultural estate, no doubt fences and gates would be erected and the House and the White Horse of the O'Donohue would only be seen at so many shillings a peep. The price offered cannot be large, and it will be indeed strange if for so insignificant an amount this greatest attraction of the south of Ireland is not preserved as a place free to all.

EDWARD ELLIOTT, the Beaverton boy murderer, should be hanged, no matter if he has not yet reached his majority. The sentiment which has been so frequently protesting against the execution of murderers of all sorts, is of course interesting itself in behalf of this brutal lad. The present Minister of Justice, fortunately, has resisted all appeals to him for

It has been rumored for some time that the Ponton case is to come to trial at Cobourg. If there is anything in this rumor it would be interesting to know how the Crown sets aside the order of Mr. Justice Robertson granting a change of venue from Napanee to Toronto on condition that the Crown should pay the extra expenses imposed upon the defence by this change. In the face of that order how can the Crown carry the case to Cobourg, or Whitby, or Sarnia, or Rat Portage, or anywhere else? As the order was conditional, the Crown may decide not to accept the change of venue, but to bring on the case at Napanee again, yet surely the charging to the Crown of the extra costs which the change would necessarily impose upon the defence, will not weigh for a moment against the necessity for withdrawing the trial from a town where the Riot Act was read and which the Crown has sworn to be an improper place for the holding of the trial. Napanee has not changed at all. The affidavits are as true now, and will be as true when the Fall Assizes come, as they were when sworn to. In view, therefore, of the affidavits put in by the Crown, which rule out Napanee, and in view of Mr. Justice Robertson's order, in which all his colleagues but one concurred, it is not conceivable that the next trial can be brought on anywhere but in Toronto. The Crown can scarcely shrink from an expense which it sought to impose upon Ponton, whose resources were long ago exhausted in defending himself. Another rumor says that the trial will, by agreement, take place in Kingston. There is something to recommend this, as it will be convenient for the chief witnesses, who, if caught, may be safely held in the penitentiary.

It was on the 2nd of May that Pare and Holden escaped; on the 9th, Provincial Detective Greer returned after fruitlessly following their trail to Coteau; on the 24th the private detectives of the Dominion Bank, through the person of Inspector Thornhill of the Pinkerton Agency, arrested the long-lost burglar, Jack Roach, in Boston. For him the continent had been ransacked in vain for two years, yet the moment it became clear that Pare and Holden had got safely away, the Pinkertons produced the missing Roach. On the 28th the Toronto papers stated that the Dominion Bank, and not the Crown, was acting in regard to Roach, and the *Star* said that unless Pare could be recaptured, Roach could not be extradited, but that "he might be produced as a witness against Ponton." On Thursday of this week a despatch from Boston stated that



Roach is held in \$5,000 bonds and "will be taken to Canada when the necessary extradition papers have been passed upon by the Secretary of State." Does this mean that the absence of Pare constitutes no obstacle to extradition, or is Roach coming without resistance? It would be the climax of an astonishing case if Roach, the third professional burglar, should make a semi-voluntary return to Canada and enter the witness-box against Ponton when the trial comes on at the Fall Assizes in Nanawee, or Toronto, or Cobourg, or Kingston.

THERE is a notice on the door of the Empire Theater, Temperance street, Toronto, saying that it will re-open on August 28, and I desire to notify the Police Department of the city that that theater is not the kind of place that should be allowed to again open its doors. That place, as conducted during the last two months, is incapable of defence, and the Police Department knows it better than I do. It is freely stated that the Police Benevolent Funds are invested in that hall, and some such sordid explanation is necessary to account for the blindness of a Police Department that against other showmen has in the past made a reputation as the most prudish on the continent. I wish to say, and in saying it I am backed by several determined people, that if the Empire Theater is allowed to resume business on the old lines, there will be the utmost publicity given to its performances, to the people who conduct it, and those who own the place and shelter its evil influences. In so far as the Bijou in Queen street calls for the same attention, it shall get it, and a thoroughly informed public will be invited to pass judgment upon such places of amusement.

After many years' observation I am prepared to say that actors and actresses are much maligned and that they are often as pure and good as any other class of people. Believing this to be true, but not understood by people at large, I am anxious that the whole theatrical profession shall not be discredited by vile performances that disgrace all who share in or witness them. Perhaps we need a smoking theater in Toronto, but I do not think so, for those who attend are largely boys whose green faces often show that they are beginners trying to live up to the giddy badness of the atmosphere in which they find themselves. Perhaps we need a lewd theater in Toronto, but I do not think so, nor do I believe that the parents of the boys who congregate there would regard such a thing as a necessity. But that there should be a smoking theater and a lewd theater combined, and that its presence should cause an increase in the fire insurance rates of neighboring buildings—that it should run in defiance of public sentiment and at an expense in cash to other buildings in the locality—is something that cannot be permitted. SATURDAY NIGHT has had its insurance rates raised because of the proximity of the Empire Theater, and therefore I have looked into the matter to see whether this institution that imposes a new tax on me confers a benefit upon others. I find it to be wholly evil in its influences, and of benefit to nobody but those who share in its profits. Half the young fellows who attend it are apparently the sons of respectable people who know nothing of what is going on; many of the others are dissolute characters, who prowl in the lanes after the show closes, quarrelling, cursing, and drinking from bottles. There are many, of course, who attend through curiosity—they wish to see how bad it really is—but to no class is the place a benefit, and to all it is an injury. The Bijou in Queen street was often quite as deserving of censure, although I know less to its discredit of late than of the Empire. The attention of Crown Attorney Curry is called to the threat against society posted at the door of the Empire Theater in Temperance street. It can be described in no other way if by re-opening is meant the resuming of the class of performances that have closed the season there.

THE new Ontario law prohibiting anglers from depleting the fishing grounds of this province, while it may irritate pot-hunters and excite the opposition of those who have been the greatest enemies to legitimate fishing, should receive the support of every sportsman in Ontario. Some years ago some of the best fishermen in this province passed a resolution, at Niagara I think it was, in which the views incorporated in the new law, were set forth as vigorously as possible. At that time, in conjunction with others who take an interest in angling, I strongly supported the principles upon which the new law has been based. As the settler is amply protected and is permitted to catch enough fish for his own use, every sportsman who loves to hear the click of the reel and the running out of the line should feel grateful to Hon. A. S. Hardy for going so thoroughly into the necessities of the case. Angling is one of the sports which attract to Ontario a great many sportsmen who are welcomed so long as they fish in a sportsmanlike manner. Our waters also attract men and associations of men from the other side of the national line who have no idea of what is sportsman-like conduct when fishing. They kill all the fish they can, no matter whether they be large or small, and I am not the only one who has seen piles of these fish rotting along the shores. The swift punishment of these butchers of the finny tribe will teach them something. Adherence to the new laws will not embarrass those who fish for sport. On all sides I hear nothing but praise of Hon. Mr. Hardy's measure.

#### Social and Personal.

THE most important wedding of the month takes place next Wednesday at two o'clock, when Miss Ethel Mulock, second and only unmarried daughter of the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, third son of Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, are to be married in St. James' cathedral. Miss Mulock will be attended by a maid of honor, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, and four bridesmaids, Misses Rosamond Boulton, Jennie King, Hazel and Amy Wright, and a tiny page and maid, Maud Ryerson, cousin of the bride and youngest son of Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, and little Miss Kirkpatrick, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexis Kirkpatrick, and niece of the groom. Mr. Sydney Band will be best man, and Messrs. Gordon Osler, Stewart Wilkie, Lyon Foster and Willie Kirkpatrick will take the duty of ushers. Lady Laurier is coming to the wedding, and will be down from the Capital on Tuesday. Mrs. Clifford Sifton also will be a guest, and several other guests from other cities who have their warm friends here glad to greet them. The popular young bride and groom elect have well-wishers in every quarter, and their wedding day will be unusually bright with good-will and congratulations.

At noon on Tuesday, at Bloor street Baptist church, the marriage of Miss Margaret Boyd, eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Boyd, and Professor Walter S. McLay of McMaster University, took place before a large and important company. The bridegroom was of white duchess satin with lace and festoons of strung pearls as ornaments, and the veil was worn with the traditional orange blossoms. The bride carried a shower of white roses and wore a spray of the white heather, supposed to bring good fortune. Miss Bessie Boyd was maid of honor, in pink silk veiled in *mousseline*, and large hat with pink roses. Miss McLay and Miss Lena Boyd were bridesmaids, in green silk slips under white *mousseline*, large hats, and carrying pink carnations. Mr. J. Wilson of Woodstock was best man. Rev. C. E. Eaton, assisted by Rev. Elmore Harris, performed the ceremony, and Sir John Boyd gave away the bride. Captain Alex. Boyd, Mr. Laurie Boyd and Mr. W. A. Lamport were ushers. After the marriage a reception was held at the residence of Sir John and Lady Boyd, and a *dejeuner*, very nicely served by caterer Coles. Professor and Mrs. McLay left for a bridal trip across the line. Colonel Buchanan of London was a guest at this wedding. Dr. and Mrs. McLay and Miss McLay came down from Woodstock, also a family party of the Buchanan connection from Owen Sound. It was a very pretty June wedding, the church being beautifully decorated.

The Historical Exhibition has so many interests and so many advantages! Its interests are so strongly personal, bound up with the family life of so many of us, and its advantages are so obvious, principally in the fortunate chance which secured such a cool, spacious, well lighted and accessible place as Victoria College in which to hold it, that it should be one of the successes of a very bright year. On Wednesday at noon there was an air of expectancy hovering over everyone, and presently Lord Minto's arrival was the happy event which gave Vice-



Regal approbation to the Exhibition. Lady Edgar, whose presidential position secured her the pleasure of conducting His Excellency from room to room, presenting each of the ladies in turn who had charge of their arrangements, and finally offering something cool in the way of ices to the distinguished patron, was in her element, gracious and informing, and full of intelligent interest in everything to be shown. Major Drummond was in attendance on His Excellency, and greeted his Toronto friends cordially. As to the Exhibition, it is impossible to do it justice in a short paragraph. The silver and china room is alone worth a visit, and there one sees wondrous jewelry, fans exquisitely carved in ivory painted on skin, Watteau, sandalwood—a delicate lot. In the grotesque, quaint, outlandish room of "Modes of other days" one realizes the horror of having a past of *caleches*, "uglies," sunbonnets and curtailed waists, a past of pink ball gowns that Albert Edward's arm has clasped in the earliest sixty, and of shoes which have stepped a measure in the Royal ball-room at London, of tortoise-shell combs that are very skyscrapers, and narrow skirts that no modern woman could walk in. The vacant-faced "Judy" who holds up a blue gingham gown and "ugly," a chemisette and undersleeves, and a small black fringed cape, nearly upset the gravity of His Excellency and his Aides. There is a military room under Captain Mowat's care, in which are many curious and touching relics. Out on the corridor is the Rolph exhibit, which the family may well plume themselves upon. The two rooms devoted to antique furniture are splendid, Mrs. Emilius Jarvis having gotten a splendid effect with a drawing-room, an array of spinning-wheels and some curious old chairs and tables. The kitchen fire-place, in another room, with its crane, bake kettle, roasting spit and oven, candle moulds, waffle iron and warming pans, and further on that copper kettle in which Laura Secord put on the family gold to boil in water and so baffled the searching soldiers, is a rare sight. A queer old bed-room, with four-poster, steps, and brass-nailed leather trunk, is a rare corner to study. A dining-room, with plate-chest, glass-chest, coolers and sideboard, is another. Every one who takes the least interest in tradition, or has the least pretension to national feeling, or even the much abused and misunderstood family pride, will be more than pleased, and anyone at all will be benefited by a visit to this very well put out exhibition. A dainty luncheon is served each day in the large and airy dining-room by Albert Williams, and refreshments and music in the evening are in order.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, which has provided so many enjoyable evenings for its friends and members the last two summers, opens the season of Monday hops next week with a dance at the town Club House. After next Monday's initial reunion, the Monday dances will be at the Island Club House. Wednesday and Friday afternoons the Island house will be a popular rendezvous for the ladies, and the Club will offer five o'clock tea to the visitors on those days. Last summer, one of the very pleasantest memories of Toronto was the visit to the Island Yacht Club House, carried away with many wishes for its recurrence by scores of tourist friends from England and the States. Down south in Memphis and New Orleans the traditional hospitality of the Yacht Club is a thing talked over in many homes, while the August assemblage of British scientists carried abroad a like pleasant remembrance. Cards are to be had for the Monday hops from the honorary secretary, Mr. Ricardo-Seaver, whose untiring kindness and able services have laid the club and its friends under very great obligations.

Niagara-on-the-Lake has had a busy fortnight. Last Saturday the first social event was the afternoon tea given in Camp by Colonel Evans and the officers of the 36th Battalion, after the inspection and general overhauling of the battalion by General Hutton. The day was lovely, and each great boat steamed across the lake laden with excursionists, many of whom had received cards for the festivity. The officers and Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Wallace and last week's bride, Mrs. Windeyer, received the ladies and gentlemen, and a smart party from the Queen's were among the first to arrive. Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Forester, Miss Strickland, Miss Granville, Mrs. Sutton, Miss and Judge Routhier, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMurrich, Miss Temple, Mr. Dennistoun, Mr. Kingsmill, Mr. Sidney Small, Major Cartwright, Mr. Chadwick, Jr., Miss Chadwick, Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Henry Osborne, Mr. Ross Hayter, were a few of those present. The officers, including several Toronto men, Mr. Jack Thompson, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. Windeyer, and Mr. Wallace, had a busy time looking after the large party and supplying them with ices, cake and claret cup. The band of the 36th played during the reception.

The Loretto jubilee has been a joyous and successful event. On Wednesday evening the splendid new concert hall was thronged with people, a very summer garden of hats and frocks, and many men in attendance, for the jubilee programme. The Loretto students, in white frocks with shoulder sashes of gold, were banded in rows of radiant girlish beauty at the rear of a row of pianos ranged in a crescent around the stage. Mr. Schuch conducted the choruses, and songs and recitations of Loretto's history and the story of its foundress, Mary Ward, were charmingly rendered. Many a guest stole upstairs for a look at the beautiful chapel overhead, where Mr. Beaumont Jarvis has reared an inspiring altar to crown a great design. Prominent among the concert audience were Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, his mother, and his bonnie wife, with her clever sister, Miss Hamilton. On Thursday the Mother Superior and the sisters in residence invited friends to luncheon at noon hour, and another inspection of the new building proved a great treat. On Thursday evening the second concert took place. Among those performing was Miss MacMahon, niece of the late revered Archbishop Walsh, whose splendid playing of a very difficult number evoked much enthusiasm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cairns are settled at 78 Willcock street, where Mrs. Cairns receives on the first, second and third Tuesday.

Mrs. George T. Denison's Friday teas are the most delightful of reunions, not too many guests, ideal weather, and the emerald terraces of Heydon Villa in their fairest green, shaded by the fine old trees and enriched with various flowering shrubs. The little lady who so gracefully presides, and the gallant host, leave no one outside their genial influence. Yesterday, the third of the series of teas was in progress. Last week the scene was full of restful charm for many a

city man and woman taking a holiday to enjoy it. New faces were seen here and there—the brown eyes of Mrs. Jean Blewett, the graceful writer, a couple of gentlemen who came with Mr. Yarker, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Barff, Mrs. Benson of Port Hope, and others. The sister of the hostess, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Jr., and her nieces, the Misses Denison, were kindly attentive to the guests.

Mrs. Loudon gave a large reception at her home in St. George street on the same day, after the interesting celebration at the Pavilion when men and girl graduates were publicly honored. At the tea an interesting intermingling of social and literary lights was seen, filling the hospitable house and enjoying a stroll on the pretty lawn. The President and Mrs. Loudon were, as always, most cordial in their welcome, and the tea was a most enjoyable one.

The Synod will be entertained by the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman at the See House, Howland avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, and many friends are expected to meet them. A special invitation is extended to the members of the Woman's Auxiliary for this event, which is every year a pleasant June function.

On Tuesday afternoon Rev. T. C. Des Barres, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cody, performed the marriage ceremony of Mr. Frederick Caldecott, son of Mr. Stapleton Caldecott, and Miss Margaret McBrine, daughter of Mr. P. McBrine. The bridal gown was of white satin with guimpe of *chiffon*, tulle veil, orange blossoms, and bouquet of white roses. Miss Caldecott and Miss Rebecca McBrine were bridesmaids, in green and white, and pink and white striped silk frocks, with Leghorn hats trimmed with tulle and roses. They carried pink carnations. Mr. Walter Caldecott was best man, and the ushers were Dr. Spence and Mr. Alf. Burton. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. McBrine's home, Isabella street, and the bride and groom left for the Falls by the Niagara boat, the bride wearing a smart blue frock with toque to match.

On Wednesday, June 7, at half-past two, Mr. Hugh Patriarche of Milwaukee and Miss Valence Berryman, daughter of the late Dr. Berryman, were married by Rev. T. C. Des Barres. The bride wore white India silk, guimpe, sleeves and sash of *chiffon*, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried white sweet peas. Miss Mabel Helliwell was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were: Misses May and Ada Murchie, Nellie Jones and Kate Grime of Hamilton. They wore organdie over pink silk slips, Leghorn flop hats with tulle rosettes and brides, and pink sweet peas. Mr. Tom Plummer was best man, and the ushers were: Messrs. J. Merrick, Grey, Fred Armstrong, George Heming and Benson Leigh. A reception was given the bride and groom at the residence of the bride's uncle in Park road.

Among Canada's younger men there is not one who has received and earned more encouraging promotion in his chosen sphere than Mr. Charles Edward Stuart McPherson, now district passenger agent on the C. P. R. staff in Toronto. Thirteen years ago Mr. McPherson entered the service of the C. P. R. at Montreal. Since then he has received promotion on removal to Boston, St. John, N. B., and Toronto, and the people are telling us to-day that he is shortly to be promoted to be



Mr. C. E. McPherson.

general passenger agent of Western lines, with office at Winnipeg. Mr. McPherson was born on June 7, 1863, in Chatham, Ontario, is a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and has been four years in Toronto, where he has made many friends, being a popular member of that jolly bachelor household at Glen Allen. His picture, which is reproduced above, gives an idea of the vitality, force and enterprise of the young man who has worked up to so good a position in the great Canadian railway.

One of last week's weddings which will interest friends all over Canada occurred at St. John's church, Portsmouth, on June 7, when Miss Madeline L. Cartwright, third daughter of Rev. Conway Cartwright, and Mr. Arthur John Matheson were married. Rev. F. W. Dobbs, grand-uncle of the bride, and Rev. Ogilvie Dobbs, cousin of the bride, were the officiating clergy. The bride wore white Irish poplin, trimmed with very old Limerick lace, an heirloom for many generations. The bride veil was thrown over a coronet of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of white roses. Miss Isabel Cartwright and Miss Constance Cooke were bridesmaids, wearing striped grenadine frocks over silk slips, white Leghorn hats with tulle, plumes and lace, and *cache-piepe* of green *chiffon*; green velvet shoulder knots of darker tint with green *chiffon* sashes and ruffles relieved the gowns. Their bouquets were of lily-of-the-valley, and they wore gold and pearl initial pins, the groom's gift. Mr. Ashford Wise of Ottawa was best man, and the ushers were Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, cousin of the bride, and Mr. J. D. Richmond of Kingston. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, Hazeldell, and *dejeuner* with speeches and congratulations was the order of the hour.

An interesting wedding took place at St. Alban's cathedral when Miss Florence Victoria Ussher, daughter of the Deputy Provincial Registrar, and Mr. H. K. McCollum, son of Rev. J. H. McCollum, were married by His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the groom's father. Miss Lizzie Ussher was bridesmaid and Mr. Jack Sweatman best man. The bridal trip was to New York, and on their return Mr. and Mrs. McCollum will reside in Howland avenue.

Mr. William F. Traves, editor and proprietor of the Port Hope Times, was married on Monday, June 12, by Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor street, to Miss Helen Ainsworth Ross, eldest daughter of Mr. B. P. Ross of Port Hope. Miss Fanny Jones was bridesmaid. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Dr. Ross of Port Hope, and a niece of Chief Justice McLennan of Toronto. After their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Traves will reside in Port Hope, where they are both prominent in social circles.

Last evening a dance was given in the Pavilion at Long Branch in aid of the Children's Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Wilkes of Thistleford, Bloor street east, gives a garden tea this afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

To-morrow begins the fast transcontinental service between Montreal and Vancouver. The train leaves Montreal at 9.30 a.m. and Toronto at 1 p.m., arriving in Vancouver at five minutes past one on Thursday afternoon.

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chip or burn out like poor kinds—are  
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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. C. Brodie Glass had an informal  
little evening last week. The guests were  
bidden sans ceremony, and were: Mr.  
and Mrs. Compain, Mr. and Mrs. William  
Holland, Mr. and Mrs. (Col.) Gray, Mr.  
and Mrs. Alfred Gianelli, Mr. and Mrs.  
Victor Gianelli, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gray,  
Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, Mr. and Mrs.  
Herbert Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray,  
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Patriarche, Mr. and  
Mrs. Peter Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ball,  
Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Patriarche, the Misses  
Patriarche, the Misses Belt and Miss Dolly  
Young of Burlington, Messrs. Sturdee,  
Oscar Wenburn, Laver Northey, Merrick,  
Roebuck and others. Betsy Baker, a  
comical little farce, was well given by  
Miss Belt, Miss Gladys Patriarche, Miss  
Laetitia Patriarche and Mrs. Glass, while  
Mrs. Herbert Dunn, Mrs. William Gray,  
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gianelli, Miss Gladys  
Patriarche and Mr. Oscar Wenburn con-  
tributed most beautifully and artistically  
to musical tastes. Regret was expressed  
at the absence of one of Parkdale's bright-  
est matrons, Mrs. (Col.) Shaw, who is ill  
in Chicago.

Mr. B. D. Humphrey gave the Pastime  
Cycling Club a pleasant evening at the  
New Coleman on Thursday evening last  
after the regular weekly run of the club.  
After refreshments the club took posses-  
sion of the music room and spent one of  
the most sociable and enjoyable evenings  
of the season.

Mr. Charles Holland, formerly general  
manager of the Ontario Bank, arrived in  
town last week from England, and is  
stopping at the Queen's.

Invitations to the closing exercises of  
St. Margaret's College are out for next  
Monday week, June 26, at 8 p.m., and  
presentation of prizes on June 27 at 3 p.m.  
Mrs. Dickson, the Principal, may well be  
congratulated upon the success of this  
recently established seat of learning, a  
success owing largely to her own personal  
charm and popularity as well as judgment  
and experience.

Hon. Clifford Sifton and his charming  
wife spent Monday in Toronto. Mr. Sif-  
ton will return for the Kirkpatrick-Mulock  
wedding on next Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Patriarche, Mr.  
and Mrs. Neville Patriarche of Saginaw,  
Mich., Miss Macklean, a sister of Mrs.  
Arthur Patriarche, Mrs. and Miss Gunn  
of Hamilton and Mrs. Jones of Sarnia,  
were a few of the out-of-town guests at  
the Patriarche-Berryman wedding last  
week.

Miss Mabel Helliwell gave an informal  
little tea in honor of Mrs. Hugh Patri-  
arche this week. Mrs. Patriarche leaves  
in a few days for Milwaukee, her future  
home, and has been spending part of her  
honeymoon at Beaumaris, Muskoka. En  
route she stopped here to bid many regret-  
ful friends adieu.

A gathering of the clans, including To-  
ronto's young set in a marked preponder-  
ance, took place at Upper Canada College  
last Saturday afternoon. The cricket  
match between the ex-students and stu-  
dents was enjoyed to the full, and eager  
young folks were all ready for the dance  
and the nice refreshments subsequently  
provided. A select party of elders waited  
late for the dancers, and had difficulty in  
coaxing them home. It was a typical  
college reunion, fathers and mothers, sons  
and daughters, the flower of young  
Canada, very spruce and very dainty, and  
feeling themselves quite grown up, and a  
small company of Old Boys exchanging  
many a good story and dear reminiscence.  
Mrs. Parkin, owing to being in mourn-  
ing, did not receive the guests of the  
college, but two popular hostesses, Mrs.  
Jackson, wife of one of the most esteemed  
masters, and Mr. A. A. Macdonald, did  
the honors most cordially. Judge and  
Mrs. Kingsmill, Col. and Mrs. Davidson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Myles, Mr.  
Ridout of Rosedale House, Mr. and Mrs.

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David Walker and Mrs. Wright, Mrs.  
Alfred Hoskins and the Misses Hoskins of  
Deer Park, Mrs. Cosby and Mrs. Macken-  
zie of Benvenuto, were some of the elders  
present.

Mr. Godfrey of Atlanta has rejoined  
Mrs. Godfrey, who has been for some time  
visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthurs. Mrs.  
Grace and Annie Mary have gone to visit  
relatives in Montreal. Mrs. Crusee has  
been a welcome attendant on her son,  
Mr. Crusee, who is now in Grace Hospital,  
nursing a broken leg. Mrs. Crusee came  
down the day after the accident. Professor  
Goldwin Smith has been visiting the  
Premier in Ottawa.

Among Torontonians attracted to  
Niagara-on-the-Lake last Saturday were:  
Colonel Cosby, Major Robertson, Mr. and  
Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Captain Myles, Mrs.  
Clarence Denison, Mr. Walter and Miss  
May Denison, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince,  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and  
Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. Claude  
Fox, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. George  
Ince. Colonel Ellis and Major Waterbury  
of Cobourg went over on the boat on Sat-  
urday. Mrs. Waterbury was in town  
shopping all day. Mrs. Harry Alley is  
with her little ones, and her sister, Miss  
Amy Mason of Ermeleigh, at Chief's Island,  
Lake Joseph, for the summer. Mr. and  
Mrs. Herbert Mason will go up the end of  
this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham and  
Miss Ada Gooderham have gone to Eng-  
land. Mrs. Hay of Woodstock is this  
week the guest of her son, Mr. Harry  
Hay; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hay have  
settled in a pretty Parkdale home on  
King street and Dunn avenue. Mrs.  
Wilbur of New York and her daughter  
are visiting Mrs. John D. King in Jarvis  
street. Mrs. Jean Blewett has spent the  
week in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. G. B.  
Smith have returned from California, and  
Mrs. Smith receives each Monday this  
month. Miss Graeme Stewart has re-  
turned from a visit to Miss Mewburn of  
Hamilton. Judge and Miss Routhier of  
Quebec joined Mrs. Sutton at Niagara on  
Saturday. Miss Lucy Sandys has been in  
Toronto visiting friends for the past ten  
days.

Invitations are out to the marriage  
of Miss Margaret Cumming Jennings,  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jennings  
of Toronto Junction, and Mr. George  
Watt. The ceremony will take place in  
Victoria Presbyterian church at the Junc-  
tion, at half-past seven p.m., on June 25,  
with a reception afterwards at 143 Lake-  
view avenue.

Mrs. and Miss Dolmage of 485 Church  
street returned last Saturday from a  
delightful visit to New York city.

Mr. H. P. Gould and family, of Parkdale,  
left on Tuesday last for their summer  
home, Woodseat Hall, Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are visiting  
their son in Detroit. Mrs. Kroh of New  
York returned to that city on Wednesday.  
On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew en-  
tertained Mrs. Kroh and Miss Pope of  
Boston for tea at the Toronto Golf Club,  
and Mr. Haas gave a luncheon for them  
at McKenney's. Mr. Harry Hees returned  
yesterday from his New York visit.

Mr. and Miss Sauter of Isabella street  
are spending the summer at Mrs. Mead's,  
Center Island.

I hear that Colonel and Mrs. Stewart,  
lately of Banff, are coming to Toronto to  
reside. Professor Lou Stewart of the  
University has gone on a six months'  
scientific trip in the North-West.

Engagements are being freely gossiped  
over, and a belle of St. George street and  
another of Sherbourne street are credited  
with having at last capitulated to Dan  
Cupid. Both cheerfully agree that their  
friends know more than themselves of the  
state of affairs, and gaily assure me they  
are still fancy-free.

Attention is called to the announcement  
in another column of a piano recital to be  
given by W. H. Sherwood of Chicago on  
the evening of June 19 in Conservatory  
Music Hall. Mr. Sherwood is one of the  
few great pianists of the present day, and  
those interested in music of this character  
will no doubt be glad to have an oppor-  
tunity of again hearing him.

Our last week's issue contained a notice  
of the death in Woodside, N. J., of Jean  
Adams Jefferys, wife of Charles W.  
Jefferys and daughter of Dr. Edward  
Adams of this city. Mrs. Jefferys was  
one of the early members of the Toronto  
Art League, and was recognized here as a  
true artist, with a mind of rich imagina-  
tive quality, seeking expression in a free,  
vigorous style of execution. Without the  
personal aggressiveness, however, that  
draws the popular tribute, and working  
not for applause, but for love of the thing,  
she was probably known rather to such as  
seek out beautiful things than to those upon  
whom they must needs be thrust. On  
Wednesday, May 31, she passed from the  
things of the earth, and those who knew  
her are sad, but if the quiet inspiration of  
a worthy ideal and the quickening force of  
a pure purpose in one's life and one's art  
make for the well-being of those among  
whom one moves, her sojourn here has  
not been in vain.

Miss Helen Mathews, who has been  
visiting her parents in Gerrard street for  
a few days, left the city for New York,  
whence she sailed on the Friesland on  
Wednesday, June 14, for Antwerp, and  
after making a tour of the Continent, in-  
cluding Paris, will return in October by  
way of London.

Mrs. James Booth of 282 Sherbourne  
street sailed on Saturday per steamship  
Numidian to visit friends in England.

The wedding is announced for June 21  
of Mr. C. G. Kennedy, of the Welland Vale  
Mfg. Co.'s staff, to Miss Maud Bell.

Miss Helen E. Dunn of Port Hope is  
spending a few weeks in the city.

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who demand the best are found—Fownes' Gloves are the  
recognized standard of merit and fashion—They are the  
best for dress and for the street, for all occasions and all  
purposes—To wear them is to be correctly gloved—Phyllis  
and Eugenie best for spring wear.

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**Gray Hair or  
Premature Gray Hair**

Restored to its original color and beauty by one single application of  
**ARMAND'S INSTANTANEOUS GRAY HAIR RESTORER**  
It is absolutely harmless; retains its color after washing. The  
hair can be curled without affecting the color. It is not oily or sticky, and  
free from any offensive odor. It makes the most natural and lasting color.  
Once used always used.

Never middle with your gray hair unless you get the very best preparation the money  
can buy. Armand's Instantaneous Gray Hair Restorer we claim is the best in the market.  
We have tested and tried them all, but none gives the desired effect which Armand's Restorer  
gives—30 different shades. Price \$2.00 per box, or 2 for \$3.50.

Persons outside of Toronto can obtain the proper shade by sending us a sample of the  
original color and the amount, and we send them by return express (concealed from observa-  
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**The Genteel Beggar.**  
A Class Operating in Toronto and  
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SHE is a well known member of  
society. She never asks you in  
so many words for anything, but  
rarely lets you escape without  
intimating some want that you'll  
feel morally convinced you must gratify.  
Her gratitude for other people's presents  
she pours into your ears, and at the same  
time shows you a way to go and do like-  
wise. You may be sure of two things:  
she really needs what she is hinting for,  
and she'll take care that it isn't anything  
beyond your means to give her.

Being human you will not, however,  
always want to hand it over to her, but  
your objections will melt before the tales  
she tells of other persons' generosity.  
When dwelling on "dear Mary's" kindness  
in sending her such a lovely turkey for  
her Christmas dinner," you know how  
mean you will be considered if you don't  
send a plum pudding to finish it off with.

Poor thing! She is so humble, so lady-  
like, you (after a little manipulation on  
her part) feel it quite a privilege to help  
her. It's her way of working for her  
living, and so she schemes for her amuse-  
ment. Even as a beggar she has her  
virtues. Nothing is too small for her to  
accept, no gift too large for her to grate-  
fully receive, and there is no doubt she is  
grateful. She rewards you by telling all  
her other kind friends of your goodness.  
In a word, she praises Peter to rob Paul,  
and Peter never has any compunction for  
the latest victim of her skill. She is a tax  
on all her acquaintances. She never for-  
gets that she was once in society. She  
rather parades her aristocratic acquaint-  
ances before the longing eyes of social  
aspirants who are working their way  
upwards. She makes them pay indeed  
somewhat extravagantly for saying of  
them, "How much more generous they  
are than some such grander people."

The Genteel Beggar, poor soul, doesn't  
mind appealing to your pity. She pities  
herself undisguisedly, with cause, too.  
Think what a come-down it is to look to  
promiscuous presents to replenish a scanty  
larder and a shabby wardrobe. What  
must it feel to be a bit of ragged lace  
hanging with weakening threads on the  
skirts of a society that prefers crisp  
chiffon to worn human Honiton!

Almost every fashionable woman knows  
the poor creature; she is a constant drain  
on the pin-money of the up-to-date woman,  
who is certain she would never under any  
circumstances take to that way of making  
a living. Perhaps not, but a woman who  
has lived until middle life, or later, clothed  
in purple and fine linen, hasn't always the  
capacity to earn and wear home-pun. Her  
cleverness runs in another direction.

Last year's generosity doesn't protect  
you from the duties of this. The Genteel  
Beggar has her own methods of indicating  
to you your duty to your neighbor.

"She'll show you the remnants of the  
cloak you gave her last year. 'It's been  
such a comfort,' she'll say. 'I don't  
know what I should have done without it,'  
and she'll walk over to the sunny end of  
the room and bring the faded cloth in full  
view, and the scuffed-out trimming will  
stare you in the face until you're ashamed  
of wearing your own handsome velvet, and  
murmur a wish that you could buy her a  
new one.

"How nice of you, dear, to wish that,"  
she will answer. "What a kind heart  
you have! If you could afford it, I would  
give this one to my old nurse, Gabbins;  
she is suffering terribly with rheumatism  
this winter." And you are not so very sure  
you can't afford it, and while you are de-  
bating the question in your mind she  
settles it for you, and is fervently thank-  
ing you for the new one you've promised  
her.

In time you grow more wary, and be-  
lieve me she makes the discovery almost  
as soon as you do, but she doesn't give  
you up as a friend, all the same. She's

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the ultimate triumph of goodness in you;  
she's sure that in time you'll give her  
something if it's only the tight boots that  
you can't wear, or last year's unbecoming  
bonnet.

"I'm a great hand at turning over  
things," she will say as she tucks it under  
her cloak as she goes home of an evening.  
And so she is, especially of reluctant  
pockets.

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ing she has no equal. It is not altogether  
beyond proving that in that capacity she  
does more good than harm, and by her  
genteel methods she can reach people,  
large numbers of them, too, that are  
really looking around for excuses for dis-  
carding half-worn finery for new.

The moral effect on her and you? Be-  
lieve me it largely depends on the con-  
dition of the gift.

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Boston Transcript.  
Aunt Jane—I suppose in the confidence  
that love begets you have told Henry all  
about yourself. There may come a time  
when you will be sorry you have been so  
frank about yourself.  
Ethelrose—But, you see, I have always  
taken care to tell him what wasn't so.

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## THE GORGE OF SHAME

It seems proper to preface the brief chapter of life in India with a word of caution, for the tale is gruesome. It is a story from life, a reminiscence of the early colonial days, and forms one of a series of tales illustrating the march of British power in the East Indian Empire. The Waziris are a tribe inhabiting Afghanistan, which was transferred to the British in 1894.

In their manner of dealing with the woman question the Waziris are old-fashioned. With them, above all peoples, chastity is the virtue of woman, courage of the man. There is no place among them for the wanton or the coward; and the expression of public opinion seems to be founded on some such maxim as "The dead sin no more."

Ludlow, the doctor, Gordon, my subaltern, and myself were sitting outside the little fort smoking after one of the scrubby dinners of the country, and Bakshan Khan, who had been invited to share our choicest, was smoking with us. Ludlow had spent a thirteen-hour day tramping after elusive Markhor, in the course of which he had climbed to 7,000 feet above the sea level, and, tough as he was, was very tired. He showed no wish to tell us of his sport, which had been confined to fleeting glimpses of distant Markhor; but, somewhat wearily, he told us that he had come across the bones of a woman in the soft sand under the lee of a boulder at the mouth of a very ugly gorge: bones curiously shattered—skull, arms, legs, ribs, not a bone whole. And the sepoy who were acting as his shikaris had spat on the bones and covered them again, and would tell him nothing, only that the gorge was called "The Gorge of Shame."

I looked at the Bakshan Khan. He blew a slow cloud of smoke from his mouth and said, "Years ago—"

We pulled ourselves together to listen, for we always listened to Bakshan Khan, and he told us the story of Grierson.

Years ago, when the post was first held by the English, there was a Sahib in command named Grierson. Perhaps it was fifteen, perhaps twenty, years ago. "What is time to us who only know day and night, summer and winter?" He was a brave man, but reckless. He loved women too well. He also drank and smoked very much, but was never a bit weaker for it. In those days the caravans passing down had to fight for it all the way along the Waziri border, and it was out in the broad bed of the Kuch, where the rivers meet, that they lay safest under the rifles of the little post, as it then was, only one-third as big as it is now, and not half as many men in it. Often the party at the post used to sally out to fire on raiders, and more often wounded traders used to drop in at the post to be healed of gunshot, sword and spear wounds. The days were by no means dull. To a man of Grierson's nature a life of hard living, fighting, drinking and no woman to cheer him was but fuel to fire.

Grierson was not a sentimentalist. Many men who mean and do no wrong to women are not sentimentalists, and they do not usually make the worst husbands. One day there had been a dash on a caravan at early dawn and a pursuit. Grierson had succeeded in overtaking and shooting a Mahsud Waziri, who bore away a girl upon his camel, and she lay fainting from its fall, for it dropped dead, shot at the same time as its master. Grierson went to her aid and found her beautiful.

He brought her back to the caravan, made terms and was married to her by the Mohammedan law, and for the handsome price of a thousand rupees in money and kind. It was a difficult matter to arrange, but in those days, even more than now, might was right, and who could say nay to a man who could say as well as protect? If it had pleased Grierson to have her abducted for him the price would have been less, and, suspicious as all savages are, the caravan of Zillah Khel Waziris saw that they stood a good chance of a greater security if one of their women was the wife of one of their protectors. Besides, the girl was of no consequence. She was an orphan, and the Malik had the legal right to dispose of her. Her relations were few and poor. Four guns, twenty rounds of ammunition, a gun and a substantial sum in cash, to say nothing of the influence and security, was a good price for a "tocherless lassie." So Grierson got his way and his wife. Now she was his wife in English law, though he did not know it; but, to do him justice, he meant honestly by her, and treated her kindly and well.

At first a warm bath every morning would scarcely seem a change for the better to Mrs. Grierson. Sand and fat in a cold river by chilly night, once or twice in the year, had been all she had known hitherto. Clean clothes, the use of the fork and a decent table must have tried a poor little savage, used to eating the leavings of half-ravened goats' flesh and slabs of dough, cooked on a camel's dung.

This story is from "On the Edge of the Empire," by Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

fire at nightfall, after the men had been gorged. But with a woman's adaptability she rose to the change, and even added something of grace to Grierson's surroundings.

At last there came a day when the old game of "trailing the tail of my coat" was played by the Government of India. Officially this is known as "testing the temper of the tribes"; and it is done by sending parties more or less armed to "visit" various tribes in a friendly way. The "tribes" have the same objections to being called upon in a friendly way—with a gun in your hand—that Englishmen have. They also get alarmed, then they begin to shoot out of funk, whereupon they are said to be "uncertain"; an expedition goes forth, and a little more red paint is added to the map of our Indian empire. It was during one of these episodes that Grierson's menage came to the notice of an official of the austere kind, and Grierson was sent off abruptly to a remote part of the interior of Punjab. He took his wife with him, and found himself at once in troubled waters. He was harried and squeezed; the English women urged on their men to make his life a burden to him; but he held out manfully till the charms of an English girl set waning his affections for his savage wife. He made a trip up to the frontier, and there gave her a writing of divorce, and handed her over to her tribe again. He gave her also clothes, money and jewelry, and the head man a rifle, and refused the return of his purchase money. Then he rode away, leaving the forsaken woman sitting forlorn on the sand and stones from which he had taken her two years before.

He did not think he was acting unkindly. He had found her poor, and he left her rich. No doubt, too, he felt a pang at parting. But as soon as he was gone the women of the tribe fell on her. She retaliated on them, scoffing at their dirt and savagery, and refused to do the old mental offices. She refused, too, to marry any one of the men, who would have been quite content to take her for her wealth. Then the men turned, too. The women began to teach them to regard her as a spy in the camp, and the inevitable Mullah quickly let it be known that she was a heretic from the faith—whatever that was in their eyes. As she was wealthy, her existence was a shame, a danger and a reproach. It was not long before she was doomed an outcast, a defiled infidel, a rebellious woman. They came quickly to the point of passing sentence of death on her; and they came to it the quicker that the news was brought to them that Grierson was married according to the English religion to one of his own race. What the poor tortured girl did or said in her rage is not known, but it sealed her fate. It also cast the hatred of the entire tribe on Grierson. He had debauched one of their women, and for two years had cast shame on them.

On a gloomy winter morning, between dark and dawn, they led her to the place of execution in the Gorge of Shame. No women were near. They stripped her, and left her standing naked in the midst of a ring of cruel men, pitiless and heedless of her beauty. The Mullah worked himself and his hearers into a religious frenzy, and then, at the height of it, sprung on her with his keen, heavy sabre and cut her through the spine. She reeled with a scream and fell on her hands and knees. He struck her again, and she fell on her side in a torrent of blood, with a strangling cry for mercy. A shower of big stones crashed on her, battering the shape out of her body and piling a mound above her. Hardly had her dying groans ceased when sand and earth and pebbles completed the tomb, and effectually wiped out every trace of her existence.

The men lounged slowly off to join the caravan, which was lurching and straggling away two or three miles ahead toward their native mountains. And her relations divided between them her property. But the atonement was not complete. It was needful that every trace of Grierson and his race should be wiped out. The blood of the murdered woman was on him, and the shame of the tribe. Year by year the traders passed through Hindustan, and sought always Grierson; sought him for years; sought him till his hair, which they had known black, was iron-gray; sought him until many years later two men of the Zillah Khel passed a native regiment camping on the line of march, while moving in relief, and learned that Grierson was in command. They left their servants and comrades to journey on with their merchandise, and took to the jungle, following the regiment. Grierson was a keen sportsman, and they looked to seeing him alone some day out shooting. At last their time came.

Two days' march from the destined cantonment Mrs. Grierson came out to meet her husband, and brought her three little boys with her. She was to stay in camp that night, and go ahead into cantonment next day, a double march. Grierson took his

gun, and said he would go and shoot some game for her; and he went with only his orderly. All unseen and unsuspected, his two enemies dogged him, until some two hours later he came to a duck-pond, and sent his orderly round to a point a mile away to drive the duck toward him, where he crouched in mud and water behind a heap of weeds. As soon as he was alone the two men dashed for him. Grierson turned at the noise they made in splashing through the water. He recognized the dress of his tribe.

"What do you want?" he shouted. "Vengeance!" they cried, and rushed at him with their knives drawn.

For answer he fired both barrels at them. He knew what they meant, and in his hurry one man took both charges, and dropped dying. Grierson clubbed his gun. The second man took a smashing blow on his left arm, but got home with his knife, and Grierson went down. The man dispatched him and fled, leaving gun and cartridges and his dead comrade.

The orderly thought nothing of the shots, supposing it was something his master saw fit to fire at, and intent on obeying his orders. So the avenger got clear away and rejoined his friends after many days' privation and wandering in the jungle.

When the bodies were found there was a fierce hue and cry. The story of Grierson's conduct on the frontier came up, and the tribe was overhauled by the Politicals. But, of course, nothing came of it. Poor Mrs. Grierson went home with her little boys, ignorant of the cause of her husband's murder, for who could tell her?

She had not been out of India a month when her husband's only brother was stabbed in the Delhi streets by a fanatic.

"And if any of his sons come out here, even twenty years from now, they will die," said Bakshan Khan.

"Why," said the boy, "young Grierson, who was at Sandhurst with me, came out and went to Peshawar. He was cut shooting up Abbotabad way, and was found dead at the foot of a cliff. It was thought he had accidentally shot himself, and so fallen down."

"It may be," said Bakshan Khan. "But only the Zillah Khel know for certain."

"By Jove!" said the boy. "Now I know why his brother, who came out in the Police at the same time, went home again. He told me that he had been warned that his life wasn't safe. And his passage home was paid by Government."

"That was wise," said Bakshan Khan.

### The Empress and the Woman.

THE neighbors of the Empress Eugenie at Cap Martin have lately been much interested by a curious spectacle, which proves how fatherly Father Time is, after all. Not far from the Villa Cyrenos, hidden among the woods and the flowers, is a small house, the coquettish aspect of which had more than once attracted the attention of the ex-Empress during her melancholy promenades in her bath-chair. Often she has ordered her men to stop at a short distance from the bowser of honeysuckle, and tried to guess who lived in this little paradise, behind those pink silk blinds, which were never drawn up.

One day, to the surprise of Eugenie, all the windows were open, and just as she was passing in her bath-chair, ensconced in pillows, and looking even thinner than usual owing to the black garments which she was wearing, she saw another bath-chair crossing the flowery parterre. And the two women offered such a curious, not to say a ludicrous, contrast that they exchanged an involuntary smile. The lady of the white and pink pavilion was simply enormous, and it required two men to propel her large chair, which was heavily gilded, and in the shape of a swan. She was wrapped in a marvelously embroidered shawl of China silk, such as our grandmothers wore, and her fat, highly-colored face, surmounted by masses of violent red hair, evidently dyed, emerged coquettishly from a Spanish mantilla fixed to the comb by a large diamond pin.

She looked with curiosity at the Empress, started a little, and asked her men, in a rather high voice, who this poor sickly little woman was. A sphinx-like smile played on her lips when she was informed that it was Her Majesty, Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French. For many days they met, and one afternoon chance brought these two women, who seemed to have conceived a mysterious feeling of sympathy one to another, close together.

The Empress had alighted from her

chair, and was sitting on a pile of cushions, at the extremity of the woods, which limit the gardens of the Villa Cyrenos, and which are not closed, when she heard a stormy discussion taking place just behind her. She turned her head, and, to her dismay, saw the white lady of the pavilion, as pale as death, with her head thrown back on her pillow, evidently the victim of an attack of some sort. The woman who accompanied her looked terrified; she walked straight to the Empress, and apostrophized her in broken French: "Madame," she cried, "if you are so jealous about your privacy, why do you not defend it with fences and palisades? My lady has been grossly insulted by some servants of yours, though we did not know that we were trespassing."

"I am very sorry, indeed," answered the Empress, in good English. "But the first thing for us to do is to help Madame. We can have an explanation afterward, if you like." And with a painful effort the lame Sovereign, rising from her seat, and leaning heavily on her stick, walked as far as the swan-like equipage.

The color had come back to the cheeks of the lady. "Excuse me, Madame," she said; "I ought not to have been so exasperated by the words of your forest keeper; it was stupid, and I will go at once. I feel much better."

"Pray, Madame," answered Eugenie, "stay on. These woods are wide enough for two sick old ladies like us."

At these words the blue eyes of the ancient beauty sparkled like two sapphires and looked so strange that the Empress moved back a step or two.

"Pray, Madame," suddenly cried the former, in a curious tone of voice, "stay on, but if this forest is not wide enough for two ladies like yourself and Miss—"

Eugenie started violently. The words and the voice were both familiar to her. "Miss Howard!" she whispered, in a tremor.

"Herself!" answered the white lady, raising her head proudly.

"Life has brought us together here in these peaceful woods," said the Empress softly, after a while. "If I gained when you had lost, it is I who have suffered most. Let us forget." And she took in her thin, almost transparent hand the fat and bejeweled fingers which rested on the gilded wings of the swan.

Those who know the story of Miss Howard may well be surprised and interested by this curious adventure, which did not stop there; for, since that first meeting, the ladies have often taken a cup of tea together in the forest; though, up to now, the Empress has not invited Miss Howard to the Villa Cyrenos. Now we will go back some half century.

In 1849, when the Prince President, Louis Napoleon, sailed from England to France to try his fortune, he took with him an English girl of perfect beauty; she had evidently been well brought up, and her manners were perfect. For two or three years she reigned almost alone in the heart of Louis Napoleon, and at last, when the Prince was called to the Imperial dignity, his partisans became alarmed, and feared that the infatuated Sovereign, forgetful of the obligations of his exalted rank, would marry his beautiful mistress.

In consequence, they devoted themselves eagerly to the task of finding a suitable wife for him. But it was not an easy one. English, Russian, Swedish and German Princesses were asked one after another. Some refused the alliance of their own accord, some were not allowed to accept it, and every day Miss Howard gained ground. One night, however, at a ball given by M. de Lesseps, Napoleon III., who had honored the fete with his presence, met the lovely Countess of Teba, a cousin of his host, and her incomparable daughter, Eugenie. Napoleon fell in love at once, and the Spanish ladies soon became the talk of Paris, and were invited to all the fetes given at the Elysee, at St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau.

It was in the forest of Fontainebleau that Miss Howard, splendid in her green habit, and wearing the colors of the Emperor, met, at last, Eugenie de Montijo de Teba, and, before anyone could stop her, rushed against the horse of her rival, slashed the animal furiously about the neck, and almost unseated the young Countess, who would have fallen but for the Emperor, who had come to the rescue, and looked anxiously at both women.

"M. de Morny," said Mdlle. de Montijo, "may I ask you to escort me? I see I must yield the place to Madame."

"Pray, Madame," cried the Emperor, "stay on. And if this forest is not wide enough for two ladies like

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yourself and Miss Howard, it is not you who will leave it."

Miss Howard put her horse into a gallop and went away. On the morrow Napoleon asked officially for the hand of the Senora y Montijo, and to his Ministers, who remonstrated with him, as they considered the alliance unworthy of a Sovereign, he stiffly answered, "Let me tell you, gentlemen, that I do not ask your advice; but simply notify you of my will."

### An Operation Evaded.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont., Tells How It Was Done.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They Were Relieved—The Sufferer Saw Well and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

In February, 1898, Mr. R. A. Size was taken very ill, and was confined to his home for several weeks. We heard that he was to go to the hospital to have an operation performed, but the operation never took place, and as he has started to work again, and in apparently good health, we investigated the case and found that he has been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Size is a highly respected citizen of Ingersoll, having resided here for over thirty years, and has been a faithful employee at Messrs. Partlo & Son's flouring mills for over nineteen years. When asked by a Chronicle reporter whether he would give an interview for publication, telling the nature of his disease and his cure, he readily consented. Mr. Size gave the details of his illness and cure as follows:

"In February I caught a heavy cold, which seemed to settle in my left side. The doctor thought it was neuralgia of the nerves. It remained there for some time and then moved to my right side, in the region of the appendix. We applied everything, and had fly-blisters on for 48 hours. They never even caused a blister and did the pain no good. The doctors came to the conclusion that the appendix was diseased and would have to be removed. The pain was very great at times, and there was such a stiffness in my ankles, also in my hand, and pain all over my body. The day and date was set for an operation, and I was reconciled to it. About a week before I was to go to the hospital my wife was reading the Chronicle. She read an account of a man who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The symptoms of the disease were so much like mine that she became interested and wanted me to give the pills a trial. I had little faith in the pills, but as my wife seemed to be anxious that I should take them, I consented. The day for the operation had now arrived, and I told the doctors that I did not think I would go to the hospital for a while, as I was feeling better. I continued the pills, and was greatly surprised and pleased with the result. I continued to improve, and have long since given up all idea of an operation. When I started to use the pills, I was unable to walk, and suffered something awful with the pain in my side. It was just five weeks from the time that I started the use of the pills until I was able to walk again, and I had been doctored three months before that, and I have been working ever since. Altogether I have taken sixteen boxes of the pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took in my life. I have now every confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and think that they are the best medicine in the world to-day. Certainly, had it not been for them, I would have had to go through the ordeal of an operation, and perhaps would not have been living now. I hope that by making this public it will be of benefit to others, as it was through one of these articles that I first learned of the unequalled qualities of the pills."

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### The Links That are Between.

The links that are between My chosen friends and I, Enveloping us serene, Will bind us till we die.

So mused I ere the grass Its shimmering mantle spread; But now for me, alas! Such thoughts are void and dead.

I had a secret sweet To share with them one day, And thought it only meet The tidings to convey.

But, ah! at Anna's door, The maid, with haughty mien, Said: "You will find Miss Moor Upon the putting-green."

I turned and onward walked To seek young Lawyer Rolf— His office-door was locked. A card read, "Playing golf."

The curate was not in. Young Mrs. Gay was out; And good old Dr. Wynn, And many more, no doubt.

So swift away I sped, And found them on the green In jackets gleaming red. They made a brilliant scene.

A club was given me, I drove the ball with force, So now I stalk with glee Around the two-mile course.

The links that are between My chosen friends and I Are hilly, wide and green, And wet and also dry.

We hold not converse sweet, But to each other call, We do not often meet; We only drive a ball.

—Alma Frances McCollum, Peterboro', June, 1899.

Customer—Are my clothes ready? Tailor—Not yet, sir. Customer—But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. Tailor—Yes; but I didn't work all night.—Tit-Bits.

"But do you really love me, George?" "Do I really love you, Clementina?" "Do I? Why, precious one, I love you almost as much as I would love myself if I were an actor!"—Life.

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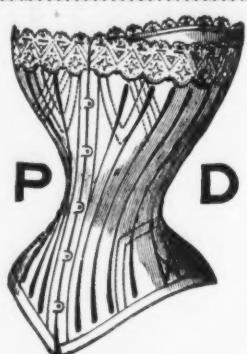
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### Two Sides to a Question.

EVELYN CARPENTER was a girl of decided opinions. She was also possessed of a will of her own, and a very determined way of enforcing it.

A rather tall, handsome girl, with dark, pensive eyes and smooth, thoughtful brow, in rather comical contrast with the proud bearing and independent appearance of their owner. She wended her way homeward with the quick, irregular step of one who chafes inwardly at the world, and knows none on whom to lay the blame. She sought a mission, a new sphere of action for the benefit of her fellow-creatures.

Suddenly, before she had sufficiently awakened from her reverie to notice whence it came, a flood of sweet song seemed to soothe her ruffled feelings. A lark, imprisoned in a narrow cage, poured forth to the heedless world outside its soul of melody through hard bars of wire.

The sense of relief which had stolen over the girl gave place to one of anger, combined with some odd satisfaction. Here at last was an opportunity to do good, even if it were but obtaining the freedom of one poor hopeless lark. And who more suited to the task than she, the president, self-constituted only three days since, of the N— Society for the Promotion of Christian Charity Toward Animals? The song that had soothed her unawares now made her soul burn within her. Crossing the road with decided step, she entered a little shop, over the door of which the bird sang on. It was a cobbler's workshop, she found, scattered as such places are with implements of the trade, and pervaded with the pleasant smell of leather. A little, bent, old man, with large spectacles on his wrinkled nose, and deft lean fingers that moved nimbly over the rough leather, put aside his work and shuffled forward to the counter. He moved slowly and with difficulty, for his old limbs were getting past their work. Pleasantly, but rather curiously, he bade her "Good-day," scarce hoping for work in his poor shop from so smart and nicely dressed a lady. Evelyn felt somewhat uneasy at the old man's harmless aspect.

"This bird," she began rather timidly, "is it yours?"  
The cobbler looked at the cage with visible pride.  
"Yes, yes, miss, my bird sure enough; and a fine bird, too; not a better bird in all N— miss." He rubbed his hands and smiled genially. Evelyn was silent as he continued, half to himself, as old men do:  
"Four years it is I've had him; four years, and scarce a day off his song. It was my boy's, my Dick's youngest that's gone for a sailor; it seems only yesterday he came in just as it might have been you, miss, to-day, with the bird in his hand, and says he—  
"But beggin' your pardon; you was saying?"  
"What will you take for the bird?" she asked, not feeling quite so sure of her cause, now she had actually plunged into the battle.  
"Wouldn't sell him, miss; wouldn't make a sovereign for him, not if I was starving."

Evelyn took out her purse and counted its contents—two and sevenpence halfpenny. She drew out two shillings, saying in firm and superior tones: "Two shillings; not a penny more."

The old man looked at her kindly, and explained gently, as if to a child (it was really very irritating):  
"No, miss, I don't want to sell him. I was sayin', you see, it was my lad gave me the little bird before he went to sea. No, I'm not likely to part with him for that, dearie," indicating the coin with smiling contempt.

"Ay, and him all the chick or child I've got left since Dick died. It reminds me of my lad when I hear him sing so bright; often when I'm feeling lonesome and low-spirited he'll chime in so cheery, and set me thinkin' how my boy's coming soon—eh, dear! eh, dear! No, you can't have him; but never mind, never mind." He nodded kindly, as if to comfort her in her disappointment.

Evelyn's patience could stand it no longer.  
"Do you suppose I want to keep the poor bird?" she broke forth. "I want to buy it to give it back its liberty, to let it be free in the fields and the blue sky. Surely you know how very, very cruel it is to confine a creature made to soar and sing at the very gates of heaven in a narrow cage with scarce room to turn."

This was delivered fluently, being a verbatim quotation from her speech at the opening meeting of the before-mentioned society.

"Poor, miserable bird!" she concluded, apostrophizing the unconscious lark.

The cobbler, simple soul! was a good deal taken aback at this convincing drude. He attempted a defence, however.  
"Nay, he's not miserable—hear to him sing; would he sing like that if he weren't happy?"  
"Yes," cried Evelyn, "he sings because he longs to be free; that is the song of despair, and not of joy."

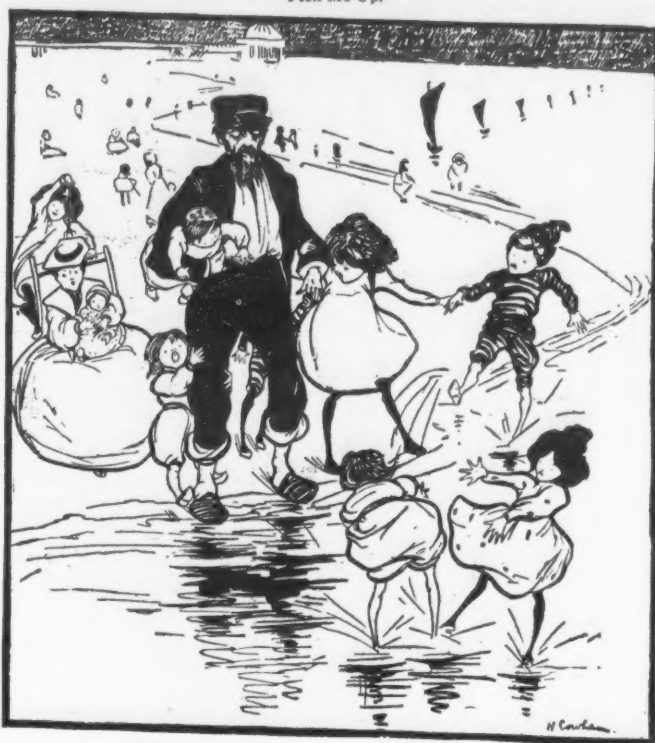
The old fellow's face fell. Her eloquence half convinced him. Evelyn felt rather heated, and wanted, she didn't know why, to get out of the shop.  
"Come," she said, again proffering a coin. "Two and six, and far more than the wretched bird is worth."

"Nay," he said, sadly, "I'm not going to sell him. He's like an old friend to me, and he loves me, too, that he does."  
"Keep your bird, then!" cried the angry reformer; "keep it, and let it die in its miserable prison. Some day you will perhaps repent your wanton cruelty!" With which grandiloquent threat she departed, with rather more haste than dignity.

That night, getting into bed, Evelyn came to the conclusion that she had made rather a poor show.  
She had also a lurking idea that her motive had not been quite so much the cause of righteousness as the pleasure of reporting progress to her new society. Her passionate words kept recurring to her mind as she lay sleepless half through the night. She wondered if little birds had their duty to do, as she had; whether, perhaps, in giving pleasure to a lonely old man's declining days, the lark might not be unconsciously doing its great Maker's bidding in the place for which He intended it. She was, she decided, over-young to judge so hastily. And, being a thoughtful and conscientious girl, she bravely resolved to go the next morning, humble her pride to the dust, and own herself in the wrong.

About nine o'clock the next morning, walking with rather a red face, up the narrow street, she perceived the old fellow standing at his door with the empty cage in his hand; he was gazing toward the sky, and she saw a tear trickle down his wrinkled cheek. He turned as she approached, and smiled mournfully in answer to her enquiring glance.  
"Maybe you was right, miss," he said; "maybe." He passed into his shop as a sob checked his utterance.  
Evelyn turned away abruptly. Never in her life had she been so much ashamed of herself.

### Those Dear Children. Pick-Me-Up.



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### Verbal Infelicities.

A BABOO—the title given to a Hindu gentleman who writes and speaks English—once addressed Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, as "Your Enormity," instead of "Your Excellency." Wishing to express his gratitude to the Viceroy, who had been a wise and kind ruler, the baboo ended his address with this benediction: "You have been very good to us, and may Almighty God give you tit for tat." His lordship, knowing that the baboo was wrestling with a language whose idioms and phrases trip even those to "the manner born," ignored the verbal infelicity which changed the intended benediction into an imprecation.

The baboo did not blunder as drolly as Lord Radstock, an English lay-preacher, once did. At the French Exhibition in Paris, his lordship, while preaching to an assembly of Frenchmen in their native tongue, implored them to come and drink of the "eau de vie" (brandy).

The English gentleman from whose "Collections and Recollections" we have copied these verbal infelicities, gives many samples of what Punch labels "Things one would rather have left unsaid."

An Oxford alderman, replying to the toast of his health, said he had always tried to administer justice without swerving to "partiality on the one hand or to impartiality on the other." That man must have been a kinsman of the moralist who announced that he always tried to tread "the narrow path which lay between right and wrong."

Dean Burgon, well known for his hostile criticism of the Revised Version of the Bible, once preached a sermon on the merits of the Anglican theologians, in which he extolled Jeremy Taylor, the author of Holy Living and Holy Dying, and Bishop Bull, who wrote the Defence of the Nicene Faith. Waxing fervent, the dean tumbled into this verbal infelicity: "May I live the life of a Taylor, and die the death of a Bull." The eloquent Doctor Liddon, in a

debate in Convocation at Oxford, referring to a concession made by the opposite side, said, "It is proverbially ungracious to look a gift horse in the face." "Mouth, sir, mouth," roared the undergraduates in the gallery; but Doctor Liddon went on with his speech, not seeing that the proverb, as he had quoted it, was without meaning.

### The Cry of the Age.

What shall I do to be just?  
What shall I do for the gain of the world—for its sadness?  
Teach me, O Seers that I trust!  
Chart me the difficult main  
Leading out of my sorrow and madness,  
Preach me the purging of pain.  
Shall I wrench from my finger the ring,  
To cast to the tramp at my door?  
Shall I tear off each luminous thing  
To drop in the palm of the poor?  
What shall I do to be just?  
Teach me, O Ye in the light,  
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust:  
My heart is aflame to be right.  
—Hamlin Garland, in the New York "Outlook."

### Canada as Junior Partner.

The Outlook (London).  
When, therefore, Mr. Smalley (that "good American," as The Times itself calls him) says:  
"The point that Sir W. Laurier has to meet is that Canada induced England to recede from an agreement acceptable to England and to the United States."

It is enough to reply that the day has gone by when any self-governing British Colony can be dragged into a settlement in which it has no say. Canada is no serf, she is not even a child; she is a junior partner, and has a junior partner's rights, the last word being always with her senior partner. Mr. Smalley and his Washington friends would ignore this if they could. But it remains the central fact in the administration of the British Empire.

He (as they are seated in a quiet nook near the links)—Are you quite sure we never met before this season? She—Yes; quite positive. He—And you haven't a sister? She—No; why do you ask? He—Well, I'm positive I hugged that shirt-waist before, somewhere.—Yonkers Statesman.

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has won public confidence by even quality.  
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We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

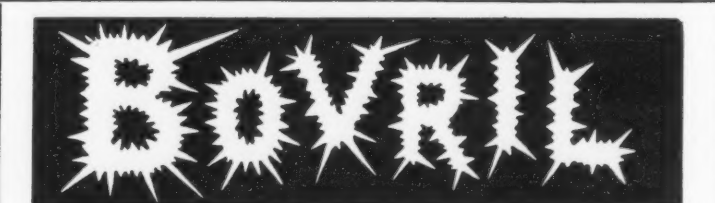
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Schomberg Furniture Co. 651-653 YONGE ST

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No sooner does the merit of an article establish its success with the public than the brood of imitators who live on other people's reputations are after it with their counterfeits.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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VOL. 12 TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899. [No. 3]



THE English newspapers continue to print the most extraordinary stuff about the Hamlet of Sarah Bernhardt. Here is a specimen extract from "our own correspondent" of the *St. James's Gazette*: "And Madame Sarah herself! Fair-haired, in the traditional black doublet and tight-fitting hose, Hamlet struts through each tragic scene with quick, athletic movements, a slim, nervous, petulant boy, half savage, half decadent, overburdened with a morbid ideal of filial duty and vengeance, in love sheepishly and yet royally, a princely Werther, a Louis of Bavaria *avant la lettre*, a Laurenceau who has not eaten at the tree of knowledge, a half-girlish hero with the passionate fantasy and the precocious pessimism and philosophy of a spoiled and blasé child. Throughout the entire play Madame Sarah remains artistically faithful to this conception of Hamlet's character, and acts with a subtle perception of light and shade which are beyond praise. She rises to the greatest height of tragic intensity in the 'play actors' scene where, dallying with Ophelia, at whose feet she lolls, playing with the girl's fair hair, her sudden passages from infantine coquetry to passion and rage under a horrible mask of buffoonery and madness are magnificent in the extreme. 'That's wormwood,' shouts the English Hamlet, interrupting the player Queen—'Absinthe! Absinthe! Absinthe!' and the French Hamlet with a blood-curdling yell of weird laughter stretches himself prone upon the floor." The actress who could be artistically faithful to such a conception as that must be a genius indeed.

The following particulars concerning Mr. G. B. Shaw's new play, on the subject of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, are vouched for by the *London Daily Mail*: "Cleopatra being but sixteen, and a mutinous beauty, is introduced under the most natural conditions in the world, ancient or modern. She has lost her white ear, and having been bullied by her nurse, Ptarmigan, has slipped out of the palace and wandered away in search of 'Pasht.' Grown weary, she falls asleep in the arms of the Sphinx, but is aroused by the entrance of a middle-aged person, whom, with the playful indifference of youth and the innate hauteur of a queen, she hails as 'Old Gentleman!' That the visitor happens to be Cæsar, aged fifty-four, is nothing to the point. Mr. Shaw retains a strictly natural tone throughout, Queens and Emperors though they be. 'Come here! old gentleman,' cries Cleopatra, 'I have lost my cat,' and the conversation thus chatily begun is continued in the same frank strain. 'Ah!' remarks this dauntless lady, as she snatches off the 'old gentleman's' laurel wreath, 'I know now why you wear this: it's to hide your bald head!' 'Don't talk about that,' rejoins the Emperor testily, replacing the trophy. 'Why not?' inquires the royal maiden. 'Well, do you like to have people tell you what a child you are?' 'No! I hate it!' 'Same here,' explains great Cæsar, 'I hate to be told how old I am!' Nor is Cleopatra set to be young only in what she says. Her actions also betray the pretty impulse of extreme youth. Her brother, Ptolemy, aged ten, and she engage in a furious squabble, and it is thus that Mr. Shaw

would have her express the very natural feelings which almost master her. 'She is seized,' he explains in his stage directions, 'with a strong desire to stick her tongue out at Ptolemy, but refrains for fear the action might appear unqueenly.'"

Mrs. Fiske is at her favorite resting place in the Adirondacks, recuperating from her arduous season and studying her new play, *Becky Sharp*, made by Langdon Mitchell from Vanity Fair. This play, which promises Mrs. Fiske the most congenial character she has ever assumed, will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, in September, and after a season in that city will be seen in Toronto and other leading cities. The production will be very elaborate, and will employ over thirty speaking characters. The company will be a fine one, Maurice Barrymore having been engaged to play the part of Rawdon Crawley. The costumes of the play will faithfully follow the modes of its period. One of the scenes in *Vanity Fair* to be reproduced in *Becky Sharp*—the famous scene of the ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo—is historic, and care is to be taken to present its dressing with fidelity. Over one hundred types of the costumes of this interesting period will be seen in *Becky Sharp*.

### The Saratoga Trunk.

Now the trunk,  
Mighty trunk,  
Leave its dusty attic bunk;  
Gleefully the maiden hoars it  
Bumping down the stairs, but fears it  
Will not hold  
Her manifold  
Pink shirt waists and filmy wrappings;  
Bathing-suits; and gay head wrappings;  
Ribbons; slippers; gaudy bows;  
Lingerie and function clothes;  
Linen skirts and silken hose;  
Outing suits, and goodness knows  
What shall finally be sunk  
In the Saratoga trunk.  
Note her smile,  
Troubled smile,  
As she contemplates the pile  
That must somehow be included  
Ere her closets are denuded;  
Mark the haste,  
And the taste,  
With which she finds location  
For each stunning new creation;  
See her place them here and there  
With a woman's loving care,  
Stuffing in all that she dares,  
Till, with a triumphant air,  
From her labors she doth rest,  
When everything inside is pressed.

Hear the lone  
Expressman groan,  
Lifting on the load of stone;  
See him vanish without speaking  
Ample reinforcements seeking;  
Hear the crash  
And the smash  
As they dump it in the wagon,  
Then adjourn to quaff a dragon;  
See the sturdy horses strain  
As they haul it to the train;  
Hear the baggage man profane  
Say that summer's come again  
When he hears the loud klunk of  
The Saratoga trunk!

See the rude  
Summer dude  
Greet it, in ecstasies of mood;  
Note the envious maiden's eye it,  
And in whips—soft, deary it,  
Though they be  
Impatiently  
Waiting for its swift unpacking,  
Just to see if ought is lacking,  
While its owner—care can wait  
To display its precious freight;  
But, although we lightly prate  
Of this much containing crate,  
Let a merry toast be drunk,  
To the Saratoga trunk!

### The Wheat and the Tares.

A Wail From the Schoolgirl.

SHE wrote horrid essays always—I wondered why for a long time, until one day I caught her writing and asked to see how she had treated the subject given, namely, The Wheat and the Tares. With a shrug of her shoulders she submitted her inky manuscript to me and left the room. The essay itself was unnatural and stiff, but there were a couple of pages of scribbling paper whereon she had probably made notes. I read them with horror. Here they are:

"I wish she wouldn't give us religious things to write about. Of course I have to side with the wheat, when all the time my sympathies are with the tares. I like people who don't care about anything much—although it is said that frivolous people are the most disposed to be complaisant, so, of course, they are tares. But I hate to come into contact with a stern sense of duty. Some people are perfect hogs even when they are generous, they use so much self-denial and hard wrestling of spirit with the devil on every good action that you turn away from their gifts with a piteous feeling that life is really too short. If I couldn't be magnanimous I wouldn't try to be generous anyhow. Self-denial and all those dreadful virtues would make me ill in a week. Imagine giving away something you just loved yourself! Huh! I'd as soon give away my mother or my liberty. Virtues are about as terrifying to me as vices; virtues crush you so, and vices make you feel so like a miserable sneak; they're both to be avoided—unless someone would invent some new virtues. I felt mean after doing some awful good thing once. It was so hard to do, and I said I'd never do one again. You shouldn't do things that don't come natural to you. Trying to make yourself good instead of letting yourself get good is a mistake surely. You know, there really ought to be some new virtues. Self-sacrifice, truthfulness and sternness are thrashed out into the fine white flour that doesn't feed you—(Professor Hart says it doesn't) nowadays, so they ought to be doctored. This is where the wheat would come in if I was going to use this as a composition, you see. Good manners, laughter and liberality would not be amiss on the new list of amiabilities. If the adamant soul of a self-immolator would wriggle out of im-

mulations gracefully, pretending not to see the disappointment of the one who gets left (it's very irritating to have your chagrin rubbed in), the person who gets left would be more grateful than if the self-immolator stuck to her role and got left instead. If the truthfulness of the self-immolator would stop at declaring your compositions 'not too bad' instead of 'utter rubbish,' she would have much more promiscuous good nature bestowed upon her by the class, and if in the interests of rectitude she would refrain from reminding you of the treat she was going to give you if you had behaved yourself, what a revolution would take place in the opinions of the girls! I wouldn't mind good people if they weren't so cross and fault-finding, really, but as it is I'd rather have enough *savoir faire* to get me out of a scrape than all the consciences in the Dominion. Oh, dear, I'll never get the essay written before tea, it's so hard to write the opposite to what you feel. Your pen-actually gets bulky and you get poet's cramp over it."

### What Makes Success.

"WE are forever going to begin work in earnest to-morrow," said Mr. Staybolt, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it in only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in dead earnest when we get a job to suit us."

"The fact is that to-morrow, when we get to it, will be to us as to-day is to us now; we shan't feel any more like work; and that other job, when we come in actual contact with it and see it close at hand, won't suit us any better than the one we've got now does."

"The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work, and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go at things."

"The time for us to work is now, not to-morrow; and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style; do the work completely and thoroughly and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about your work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—everybody likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer, and there's money in it every time."

"It isn't the job that makes success, it's the man, and don't you forget it."

### The Black Bass and Her Young.

A SMALL mother black bass in a tank at the New York Aquarium, one of a lot brought last fall from the lake in Prospect Park, scooped out a nest in the gravel on the bottom of the tank recently and deposited her spawn in it. In due course the spawn hatched out and there appeared in the tank thousands of tiny bass, looking at a little distance as much like gnats as anything.

The mother fish, who had faithfully guarded the spawn in the nest, now defended the young fish from destruction. She could cover the cloud of them in one corner of the tank with comparative ease, by keeping in front of them, but she could not herd up the little ones that were scattered about. These being mostly near the bottom, she could protect by keeping the other bass in the tank beside herself at the top of the water; and that is what the mother bass set out to do and what she did; she kept all the other bass in the tank, a dozen or so, at the top and at that end of the tank remotest from the gnat-like cloud of little bass down in that lower corner. To do this she had to keep hustling all the time, for the others didn't want to stay up top, they wanted to be free to go about, and, aside from any question of eating the little bass, free to get to the bottom to rub themselves on the gravel when they wanted to. The black bass has two dorsal fins, a soft dorsal and a spinous dorsal, the spinous fin being the forward one. The soft dorsal is carried always in position, spread, more or less fanlike; the spinous dorsal, with its sharp pointed spines, is often carried folded down in a little trough-like recess along the fish's back, flush with the ridge. When the bass is angry or excited it throws up this spinous dorsal. That's what the mother bass here would do.

When a bass started to come down from the school up at the top she would throw up that spinous dorsal, with its sharp, ominous-looking spines at the top, and make a fierce rush for the intruder. She never failed to drive him back. She was as big a bass as there was in the tank and resolute to protect her young. Day after day she drove them back in this manner, never flinching, and making in the course of the time that she thus stood guard over the young fishes hundreds of rushes at intruding fishes that wanted to reach the bottom. Almost always she would head them off before they got half way down and turn them back, and then she would fold that warlike spinous dorsal down again and go back to the little ones in the corner.

The worst offender among the bass at the top was the smallest, which either lacked intelligence or was childishly obstinate. This little bass on a number of occasions left the top and made straight for the bottom, disregarding the first forward rush of the mother bass, but keeping right on, and all but making it a number of times; but when the mother bass got over there she would not only drive it away but follow it up until she had herself rushed clean up among the fishes at the top.

When the little bass are first hatched out they have attached to them a little sack which they gradually absorb; nature thus provides them with sustenance during the first few days of their existence. A week after this lot of bass were hatched out the larger members of the fry were siphoned out of the tank and placed in a hatching box in one of the reserve tanks of the Aquarium, to preserve them from the big fishes, and with a view to rearing them if possible. The small bass thus siphoned out included those that constituted the cloud of little fishes in the corner; the rest, those scattered about in and on the bottom, remained. These the mother bass still protected, driving the other bass away from them as before. But one morning, two days after the fry that were removed had been taken from the tank, it was discovered that the fishes in the bass tank were no longer separated; the mother bass had given up guarding the remaining little ones and had joined the rest, and the bass were now ranging about the tank as usual. The little bass had already disappeared; they had been eaten to the last one. Besides eating the little ones, the bass devoted themselves at the outset to cleaning themselves up; for a day or two they made frequent dashes at the gravel from which they had been kept away so long, and then things went on as usual.

Of the fry that were taken out of the tank and placed in the hatching box, these little fishes being now about three weeks old, there are some hundreds yet living and apparently doing well, the larger ones of the lot being about half an inch in length.

### "The Kipling Hysteria"

IN the chorus of praise—one might almost say hero worship—which has arisen of late over the personality and writings of Rudyard Kipling a strain is heard—just heard—from time to time from some far shore of criticism, in deprecation of this apparent extravagance. One of the persons to whom this "flattulence" is not agreeable is Mr. Henry Austin, a critic of considerable repute, who in *The Dial* (May 10) argues for a less turgid and more critical estimate of Kipling's claims to greatness. After speaking of the high claims of Tennyson to be the truest poet and truest representative of Anglo-Saxondom that has yet arisen, he says:

We have recently been commanded by a storm of tongues to consider that the true poetic heir of Alfred the Great has arrived in the picturesque person of Rudyard Kipling. He has been acclaimed the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race—which, however, as an ethnic entity has about as much vital value as Sairy Gamp's mysterious chum, Mrs. Harris; and a prodigious amount of hysterical and chimerical stuff has been written of him, and even to him, by disciples and imitators toward whom he doubtless entertains a feeling compound of *envie* and contempt. To this hysteria of unreasoned admiration, to this tempest of flattery and adulation, the dangerous illness of this forceful and brilliant writer has naturally given increase. But already signs of a reaction are appearing. Trained minds are beginning to question the new gospel of poetry and morals, art and ethics, as enunciated by and personified in this immensely clever and uniquely interesting Englishman, Dr. Felix Adler recently, while cheerfully admitting the talents of Kipling, dared to denounce his teaching as a gospel of force,

pernicious in the extreme and antagonistic to the true spirit of democracy and of civilization. It is not, however, with Kipling's jingoism and frank cynicism toward inferior races, as the apostle of force, of might against right, that literature is concerned, except inasmuch as these essentially pagan and very antiquated sentiments might be shown to affect his art.

As the writer in *The Dial* claims to be first of reviewers on the American continent to call attention to Kipling's powers as a composer of short stories, and to have consistently maintained this promise at a time when many critics, including Mr. Howells, denied it, he thinks that he can not rightly be accused of animosity upon this point. But as to Kipling's present realization of these early indications of power, he says:

How has that early promise been kept? Better than most early promises, beyond a doubt; yet, while in the realm of the short story Kipling stands with Cable and Bret Harte, can he sanely be said to overtop them; and has he as a presenter of human character come anywhere near Thackeray or George Eliot—to say nothing of Balzac? Stress is laid on the extraordinary familiarity he shows with the techniques and terminologies of different occupations and trades. But all that sort of stuff can be easily "crammed." Any first-rate journalist will turn out a story on a subject of which he knew naught forty-eight hours before, if he can get access to a good library or even mingle socially for a few hours with men who have the terms of that subject at their tongue's end.

In the loftier region of poetry what has Kipling done to make him a laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race, even supposing there were such a thing? Can any calmly critical mind regard the *Barrack-Room Ballads* as more than clever epigrammatism, destined not even to the same place in future literary estimation as Lowell's *Biglow Papers* now hold?

Mr. Austin admits considerable poetical merit of a certain bold character in other poems of Kipling's, such as *The Last Chantry* and *Mary Gloster*, but places most of his verse on the same plane with that of the strictly minor poets of England and America. He continues:

As to the much lauded *Recessional*, the sentiment, aside from laying claim to Jehovah as peculiarly the God of the English, is far healthier, saner, and more to the purpose of civilization, than much of Kipling's, who will seriously assert that so far as technique or style goes there are not a dozen Englishmen who could have put the case as well or better? Mr. Austin doesn't count for much, of course, though that luckless official laureate has written some good verses; but, surely, Henley or Rensell Rodd has given earnest of better work than this. And if we may venture to consider critically that jingo jingle, *The White Man's Burden*, entirely apart from its horrible cynical indifference to the plainest facts of modern history, what can be said in defence of its style? Taking the same measure as that of Heber's noble hymn, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, to do which in itself seems like a covert sneer against the spirit of Christianity, the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon myth falls far behind the good, unlaureled bishop in technique, as any one can see by comparing the two productions. Heber's is double-rimed, flowing, musical; and without rhetorical inversions of phrase. It leaves on the inner ear of the mind, as on the outer, a sense of beauty as well as a sense of benevolence. Kipling's is calculated to make those who "learn Messiah's name" learn it chiefly to curse with.

Must not a genuinely great poet, the writer asks, be at least a reflector, if not an inspirer, of the noblest passions of his time and of the unfolding spirit of the essential oneness of the race? The critic concludes with a picture of what he regards as the nobler ideal of man in his relation to his fellow men:

How much nobler than anything Kipling has casually emitted in his glorification of force or his clanging apothecoses of machinery, British muscle and British trade, are these quiet lines of Rensell Rodd—a name dimly known to his own countrymen, and not at all to us! Singing to future men of Future Man, this poet declares:

"They shall build their new romances, new dreams of a world to be;  
Conceive a sublimer outcome than the end of the world we see;  
And their minds shall be pure as morning and their youth shall be taught no lie;  
But all shall be smooth and open to all men beneath the sky.  
And the shadow shall pass that we dwell in, till under the self-same sun  
The names of the myriad nations are writ in the name of one."

Not writ by the sword, O ye semi-civilized Apostles and Disciples of Force and Fraud, but by the pen. It is this lamentable large lack in the spirit, in the outlook and the insight, in the foresight, if you will, of the richly endowed man of talent, now recipient of so much loose laudation in American-speaking lands, which moves a warm admirer of his talent, and of all talents, to assert that, unless that lack shall be remedied, he has not the making of a great enduring poet. That he may break away from false ideals, and renounce bad literary manners, remains a hope. He is yet gloriously young, and to youth all things are possible.

### Death and a Bonnet.

THE family physician stood at the big upper window gazing vacantly out over Toronto harbor, but he saw neither the ferry boats playing across the Bay nor the evidences of life on the Island. He saw nothing in particular, nor was he thinking consecutively, for he was in one of those trance-like conditions that fall on a man when he has exhausted his energies to avert a calamity and has found his best efforts of no avail. In the adjoining chamber a husband lay dying, and a wife, just made aware that further hope was useless, knelt by the bed with her face buried in the clothes, weeping. The physician had looked in on this pathetic scene—had caught a glimpse of the wasted hand of the man patting the woman's head as it burrowed in frantic grief into the quilts—and had turned away with a frown meant to discourage a rising in his throat. The doctor was a man of feeling. The patient could not live more than three or four hours, and all the drugs on earth, all the science known to man, could not avert the impending dissolution. It was one of those moments that occur daily when the science of medicine is shown to be charlatanry, and the physician makes confession to his soul that he is a betrayer of men—licensed in a Latin parchment to humbug others all his days and himself at times. And this doctor gazed vacantly out over the harbor and saw nothing.

Hearing the rustle of a dress, he turned and saw the wife rush along the hall, handkerchief to face, and disappear into her own room. In the acute silence he softly

entered the room of the patient. The man lay with the resignation of a tutored soul in his eyes, and the doctor sank into a soft chair near the window. He was glad that the shock of parting between these two was over. A small gold watch, a lady's, lay on a little table near the bed, and the doctor could hear its faint ticking.

Soon a rustling in the hall told him that the wife was returning, and as she entered he half rose to leave the room again, but was arrested by her appearance. She was dressed out in complete mourning—widow's weeds. For a fearful second he searched her face to see if grief had made her insane.

"I thought I would just let John see how I looked in widow's bonnet and veil," she said in a hushed voice, half to the doctor and half to John, as she stepped towards the bed. "You know I was a widow when John married me," she explained to the doctor. "You never expected to see me dressed in these, did you, dear? I just thought you'd like to see how I would look—they fit me well as ever, or they will if I get Mrs. B— to alter the waist a little. But the bonnet is lovely, isn't it?" and she turned from side to side, and then studied the effect in the glass.

The doctor arose.

"You had better leave us now," he said.

"I must do what I can for you—for him."

She passed widow-like along the hall to her room again, and the doctor sat down beside the patient. The husband, with an effort, turned his face toward the wall, and with twitching lips lay wordless until death came an hour later. And this is a true story.

### Something of an Egg Joke.

THE danger of telephoning and trusting one's memory for the number was well illustrated yesterday when a sharp-witted city ticket agent sold twenty-five cases of eggs over the wire. This is how it came about. The ticket agent was not very busy and answered the phone himself.

"Hello," said the interrogator at the other end of the wire, "have you got any eggs?"

"Eggs! eggs!" thought the wily ticket agent, gazing time, until it flashed through his mind that the wrong number had been called, and in an earnest way he asked, "Who's that speaking?"

The firm, a well known house, gave their name, and then the game was easy. "What did I quote you last?" queried the ticket agent.

"Fourteen cents," was the answer.

"Well, I can't let you have any to-day at fourteen. I have only a few small lots and the market is fluctuating; must have fifteen."

"I'll give you fourteen and a half," said the wholesale man.

"No. I have a lot of twenty-five cases which I'll sell for one price; must have fifteen."

"I'll take them, it's just what we want," came the businesslike response. "When can you deliver them?"

"Not before one o'clock."

About two p.m. the ticket agent happened to meet a clerk, who, he knew, worked in the house to whom he had made the false sale.

"You did not get those eggs," said the ticket man to the clerk. "Wh-a-a! How did you know?"

"I know," he continued, "that that man whom you are dealing with got a better price for his eggs a few minutes before one o'clock and sold."

That clerk's face wore a worried look, and when he went back to the office he rung up the right number and there was a storm of words unfit for publication, as the innocent firm was only too glad to get the egg order, which was promptly delivered in ample time to avoid any loss on account of the practical joke so seriously perpetrated.

The incident teaches a good lesson in concentration, and also that telephones must be used with great discretion.

Montreal, June 10. C. D. C.

### Early Golf in America.

THE claim has been made that the Montreal Golf Club was the first to introduce the game in America. This claim has now been disposed of by the discovery by Mr. Josiah Newman of New York of a regulation passed in 1659 by the magistrates of the Dutch colonists. It reads as follows:

"The W. Comm. issary and Commissaries of Fort Orange and Village of Beverwyck, having heard divers complaints from the burghers of this place, against playing at golf along the streets, which causes great damage to the windows of the houses, and exposes people to the danger of being wounded, and is contrary to the freedom of the public streets; therefore their worship, wishing to prevent the same, forbid all persons playing golf on the streets, on pain of forfeiting fl. 25 for each person who shall be found doing so."

### A Consideration Desired.

(Scene—Drawing-room. Elderly uncle bidding farewell to young boy, who is with his mother.)

"Uncle (patronizingly, curling the mustache military)—Well, my little man, come and kiss your uncle, and say good-by—for the present."

Nephew (aged eight, dubiously)—Where is the present, uncle—*Judy*.

Bartender—Why don't you get out and hustle! Hard work never killed nobody. Mose Lazibones—Dat's an infernal lie, sah! I've lost four wives dat way—*Judge*.

Ned—I ran across a very pretty girl this morning. Ted—Did she flirt with you? Ned—No; after she regained consciousness she had me arrested for scorching.—*Ed.*

She—Do you believe the howling of a dog is always followed by death? He—No; not always. Sometimes the man who shoots at the dog is a poor marksman.—*Chicago News.*

Fortune-teller—Your future husband will be tall, have dark complexion, and be very wealthy. The caller—Now, tell me another thing; how can I get rid of my present husband?—*Tit-Bits.*

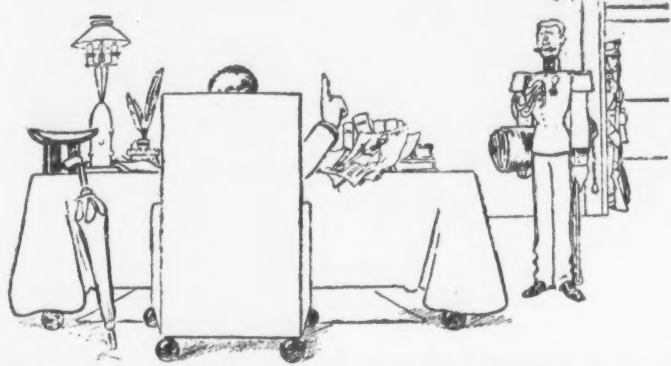


A reckless move.

—Harper's Weekly.



# The Tempest in France



Minister of War (issuing instructions to the Press on Marchand's return)—And, above all, I will not have him spoken of as Le Petit Caporal.—*La Figaro*.

FOR several years France has conducted her affairs so moderately that, perhaps, young Canadians have been unable quite to comprehend history. The mad outbreaks that occurred at intervals for a hundred years seemed to have ceased during the last quarter of a century, and young people found it difficult to understand how those things could have happened which history dwells upon with such minuteness. All at once, however, there is some enquiry made about a young ex-officer of the army who had been banished for treasonally selling information to the German Government, and, without apparent justification of any sort, all France appears to upheave as with some great internal distress. One

Paris; he sets out for his native town of Thoissey to see his parents, but the citizens turn out and beg of him not to come yet, but to wait until they can prepare to welcome him. He knows not where to go. Everywhere he is too welcome. It is said that he will cruise in a Government boat in the English channel until June 28—then Thoissey will be ready to welcome him home. What a predicament for a modest hero!

Meanwhile President Loubet has gone again to the track to witness the Grand Prix, and with an army along the line of travel and a prepared crowd, gets an ovation. Meanwhile, too, Dreyfus boarded the steamer *Sfax* on June 9 and sailed for Brest.

In view of all that has been printed during the past year about Dreyfus it is interesting to note that there has been unearthed a document written by Dreyfus while he was awaiting his first trial. This appeared in *Figaro* on May 27:

"On Saturday, October 13, I received a letter directing me to be on Monday, the 15th, at 9 a.m., at the War Office for the general inspection. I reach the office on the Monday. I am ushered into the room of the head of the general staff. There I see Major Du Paty de Clam and other persons in civil dress whom I did not know. I am told to seat myself at a table, and Major Du Paty de Clam sits beside me, looking savagely at me. I begin already to be puzzled. The Major then invites me to write a letter from his dictation. I am more and more puzzled. Suddenly he says to me: 'Your hand shakes.' 'Not at all,' I say; 'my fingers are cold.' I continue writing, more and more amazed. Scarcely have I finished when he rises, falls on me, and in a thundering voice says: 'In the name of the law I arrest you. You are accused of high treason.' My blood rushes to my head. At the same time two men in civilian dress



President Loubet.

fall on me and search me. I become mad and haggard. 'An officer is not arrested like that,' I exclaim; 'give me at least an inkling of the infamy which you allege



M. Zola.

me to have committed. I am innocent; I am the victim of an infernal plot. 'The proofs are overwhelming,' was the reply. 'The President of the Republic and the Cabinet are informed of your arrest.' My reason gave way. I was questioned and know not what I answered.

"I was then conveyed to prison by Major Henry and a detective. I raved, and remember nothing except that I was accused of treason. In prison I was kept in solitary confinement, treated like a prisoner, left to myself. During the seventeen days which followed I underwent several interrogations in my cell by the judicial officer. He came towards evening with his clerk, hatred in his eyes, insult on his lips, when my tortured brain was at the last extremity. What I heard in those sad and gloomy days! My heart still thrills. I did not know half the time what I answered. I was always told: 'It is all up with you. Providence alone can extricate you.' But in my feverish brain I invented story after story to explain a riddle which, simpleton that I was, I could not guess.

"I constantly asked for proofs of the accusation, but these were refused me. Is not a criminal first shown the weapon of his crime, and asked whether he identifies it? The weapon of my alleged crime was a letter. Why was it not shown to me? The judicial officer and his clerk made me say all they chose. I had no consciousness, nor did I believe it necessary to defend myself against such an accusation. One evening, on asking to be at last told, the clerk replied, 'Suppose your watch was found in a pocket where it had no business to be.' The judicial officer

nodded assent. I then understood that documents of mine had been stolen. My imagination went to work. I remembered a long correspondence which I had had while at the Second Bureau with Capt. Hadamard respecting the preparation at the War School. 'Other documents,' I said to myself, 'will also have been stolen from the Second Bureau.' I remembered a closet locked with only one key, and with no secret padlock. On these data I constructed a fresh story. I became mad with indignation and grief. One day, when I said to the judicial officer, 'How can you believe that I, an Alsatian, to whom the Germans refuse all passports, can be a traitor?' he replied, 'It was the better to conceal your game.' On another evening the judicial officer said, 'They are on the track of your accomplices. Arrests are imminent, and you will be sent accordingly before the civil or the military jurisdiction.' I became literally mad, and saw myself entangled in an inextricable plot. Another evening the judicial officer said to me, 'Your arrest is secret, yet it is known in all German consulates, and they tremble and are throwing you over.' The night which followed was the most fearful of all. I was near killing myself. I had hours of frenzy. In the middle of the night, in a feverish moment,



Major Marchand.

I prepared to hang myself to the window-bars, but my conscience was awake and said, 'If thou diest everybody will believe thee to be guilty. Thou must live, whatever happens, to explain to the world that thou art innocent.'

"My brain sometimes refuses to comprehend so arbitrary an arrest. What? A man can thus be arrested, his honor ruined, his name and family dishonored, and he can be driven mad simply because an expert declares his writing to resemble that of an infamous letter, though this man has an irreproachable past and cannot have been tempted by poverty. Nobody has seen him or caught him in the act, yet he is arrested, and to make him entirely lose his reason there is flung in his face: 'Overwhelming charges rest on you.' During the whole investigation of the judicial officer he is told: 'It is all up with you; nothing can save you.'

"Finally, after that officer has been kept in solitary confinement for months, after everything has been searched, the overwhelming charges disappear, and yesterday, when the Government commissary informed me that I should be sent before a court-martial, he said to me: 'The presumptions are sufficiently established to justify your being tried.' Thus the overwhelming charges of the first day and the 'it is all up' of the following days became after two months only presumptions. Well, I here declare it emphatically a monstrous infamy. Indescribable baseness has been committed against me. I have had to deal, not with investigations, but with executioners."

## Trout.

Colorado Springs Telegraph.  
Bring forth the royal coachman, boys.  
The hackles and the others;  
Take down the reel, the rod and line  
My piscatorial brothers.  
Unfold the long-top wading boots  
And gently ask the leaders.  
For these last days of blithesome May  
Are all trout-fishing breeders.  
Brush up the good old fairy tales  
Of many a charming season.  
Anticipation though they be  
And lacking rhyme or reason.  
The sportsman's eye will brightly shine  
O'er tales of battles royal,  
And tho' the telling hints of age  
Not one will prove dialogal.  
Revel it all the fishing grounds  
In fancy's broad dominion,  
And hear again the war of words  
To back each current opinion.  
Of flies and casts and reels and rods  
And fishlore good and plenty.  
The thrill will catch you as it did  
When you were one and twenty.  
J. B. DOHMAN.

## Evangeline and Her Sister.

THERE is an interesting contradiction between Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Prof. Roberts's recent novel, *A Sister to Evangeline*. The romance of Longfellow's heroine is responsible for most of the popular sentiment that attaches to the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755. While the poet did not specifically accuse the English of brutality, still the whole impression of his poem is most unfavorable to the English power.

The familiar poem pictures a community of beautiful simplicity and piety; the homes were abodes of contentment and virtue; the warmth of hospitality bordered on communism; Acadia, in the character of its people no less than in its bucolic glory, was an Arcadia. To force into far and scattered exile such a people as the Acadians are thus represented to be, seems to readers of the poem to have been an act of the most inexplicable and unpardonable cruelty.

It is well known that Longfellow took as much license as he pleased in his description of the Acadian country. Visitors to the land of *Evangeline* are annually disappointed in not finding the "forest primeval" and other physical characteristics of which the explicit verse seems like a guide book. Although a day's sail would have carried the Cambridge

poet to the apple-blossom region, he never took the trouble to see it with his own eyes. And in giving his impressions of the people and of their calamity, he showed no greater care in the pursuit of accuracy. His guide in the view he took of the subject was Judge Haliburton of Halifax, an eminent provincial writer, whose sentimental portrayal of the episode is well known. Perhaps the original source was the contemporary Abbé Raynal, who wrote in France a pathetic description of a people whom he had never visited. Consequently, the popular idea has naturally been that the New England soldiers of King George who conducted the expulsion obeyed monstrous and wanton orders.

A Sister to *Evangeline* gives a decidedly different impression. Its scholarly author evidently has no desire to start a discussion or aggressively to upset popular views. Yet, as an historian himself, and thoroughly familiar with the documentary history and in close harmony, it may be said, with Parkman's account of the expulsion, he presents in this new novel a picture whose truthfulness cannot be questioned. He throws around the simple folk of Acadia the charm of romance, and even introduces bits of glitter carried thither from the Court of Louis. But he likewise tells the straight story of the protracted patience of the British Government toward a people who, after nearly half a century of English protection, peace and liberty, still refused to take the oath of allegiance; a people who aided the Indians in harrying and massacring English settlers; a people whose priests had made them believe that allegiance to the heretic English king was like loyalty to the devil, and would bring them to perdition; a people whom the French Government supplied with arms and sought to use as a leverage to undermine English power in Nova Scotia.

Such an undermining of the English power in Nova Scotia at that time pre-empted the destruction of all our colonies. On the west of the sea-coast strip of English settlements was a chain of French ports full of French soldiers in allegiance with murderous Indians. On the north was Quebec and all the engineers of New France. If, in addition to these advantages, the French regained the mastery of Nova Scotia as a basis for sea power, they would hold the divided English colonies in a state of helpless siege. New England understood this perilous situation thoroughly, and perceived that her salvation must be wrought in Nova Scotia.

The partisan Acadians thus were a perpetual menace and danger. The fact that they had never thought for themselves and had implicitly obeyed the politics of their priests, while it was their excuse, in no wise lessened their troublesomeness. The English had treated them for many years with a generosity and leniency unparalleled in English history before or since. That this soft treatment was shrewd made it no less conspicuous or actual. The Acadians were the wards of the king, and while his subjects in the South were experiencing his negligence and rapacity, these French peasants lived in a Utopia of exemptions.

But they were impossible subjects. They were French. They were absolutely dominated by French intrigue—sometimes knowingly and sometimes ignorantly. They were thrifty farmers, but they were not citizens, and were a treacherous presence. Consequently, in the new war between France and England, it was a military necessity that this dangerous population, which had abused its long probation, should be disintegrated once and for all.

The sad business was conducted with an extraordinary humaneness. Far less gentle were the British in the American Revolution a few years later than in the vexing management of this depopulation. Testimony agrees that the simple peasants were handled by the soldiers with a paternal solicitude. They took with them their money and their household effects. Families were kept together, and even villages, as far as possible. The officers fully realized the grave thing they were doing, and behaved with extreme gentleness.

It must be conceded that the whole act has had no parallel in modern history, and, at first view, it looks like some of the wholesale captivities of primitive times. On the other hand, the question whether France would wipe out the divided English colonies altogether was at issue. The war was begun by the initial act of Colonel George Washington in shouldering back the sly French attempt to press through the Ohio Valley to the sea. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts was no less vigilant and patriotic in demanding that the dangerous and rebellious Acadians, who were an entering wedge of French attack in the North, should be scattered if they refused any longer to swear allegiance.

It is natural that compassion for the pitiful exiles should color judgment. But that they should be lifted out bodily, the history of our country might have been very different, and they brought their calamity on themselves.—*Francis Bellamy in the Bookman*.



Mamma—Dear me, Nelly! How have you torn that great hole in your pinafore! It wasn't there this morning!  
Nelly—Where do you suppose it was then, mamma dear!—*Punch*.

## Tips for the Summer Girl.

A Professional Outlines a Successful Campaign.

"PEOPLE think it comes easy," said the professional Summer Girl, "but it takes a lot of study and some experience to be a success at a summer resort."

She pinned a white tulle hat in the top tray of her trunk with two fierce-looking hat-pins and then began to fold a red golf jacket with a green cloth collar.

"I thought it had to come natural to you," said the curly-haired girl who was helping her friend pack; "that you had to be unconscious and ingeniously charming!" She tried on a white leather belt and then folded it in the trunk.

"You have to seem to be all that," said the Summer Girl, "but in reality you must know just where you are at all the time. I've been a Summer Girl now for six seasons, and it takes brain, I can tell you. You have to think up everything—how you talk, dress, look and act; how you eat, even; only you mustn't seem to bother."

"Oh, do tell me how, dear! I want to be a Summer Girl myself this year and I don't know the first thing about it."

"It is difficult to put it in words," said the Summer Girl; "you will have to learn by experience. Still, I don't mind giving you a few hints if it will help you any. Now, when I arrive at a summer hotel I just size the people up and pick out the chatty women and the men that will do as starters."

"As starters? How do you mean?"  
"Why, at the beginning of the season things are slow, you know, and yet when folks begin to arrive you want to seem to have your deadly fascinations in good working order. It doesn't do to be found sitting alone moping. I will give you an instance."

"I recollect going to Asbury Park one year and finding only eight people in the house. There were two married couples, a grass widow and her little boy and a lame man with a young chap who was a friend of his. Now, a grass widow at a seaside hotel is the most deadly rival a Summer Girl can have. She simply leaves nothing that is masculine for any other girl, and men are scarce enough, goodness knows. I had to do some quick thinking, as you may imagine."

"How did you manage?"

"Why I made friends with the G. W. and discovered that she was a crank about her complexion: wouldn't have a freckle for worlds and all that. Then I told the lame man that walking in the sand was good for rheumatism. I knew he was crazy to cure his rheumatism, and I knew she would never go walking on account of her complexion. The lame man's friend came with us, of course, and we walked for a few hours each day. By the time people began to arrive the two married women and the grass widow were gossiping about me."

"Wasn't that horrid of them?"

"Not at all! Just what I wanted. It is the first step in the right direction to get them talking about you on the piazza. Do any outlandish thing that will start them, and you won't have to do very much at that. Stay out on the beach until late and wake up the whole house getting in; ride a diamond frame wheel, or go in bathing without stockings. Then the piazza women will begin to whisper about you, and you'll find that this will increase your popularity with the men. It never fails."

"Isn't there some easier way than that?"  
"I knew a girl who once made a great hit by drinking six glasses of ice water at every meal. She got to be the talk of the hotel. Then the young doctor who was there had to attend her, for it really made her ill after a while, and she had two or three days as interesting invalid. She wore a white flannel skirt and a silk shirt waist, lolled in a steamer chair, and had a crowd of men around her all the time."

"There's a great deal in the way you dress," the Summer Girl went on as she unearthed a big red box from under a pile of packages. "Hosiery is an important item. I'll show you my hammock stockings." She lifted the cover and displayed a mass of rainbow hues.

"Aren't they rather gay?" asked the girl.

"They must be gay for a hammock, my dear. Now, these openworked ankles with gilt butterflies on them are too pretty for anything, I think! They cost just two and a half a pair. And these polka dots are beauties."

"What a shame to waste them on a hammock! I should think you'd keep them for dancing."

"Plain black are good enough for dancing, but you have to be as particular about your stockings for hammock wear as for a rainy day in town. Then I've picked my hammock to match my hair—to set it off, you know. My hair is reddish. Well, I've chosen a dull-green hammock with long green fringe, and have a lot of cushions in shade green. I hang it in full view of the piazza in a nice, shady spot, and pretend to be so absorbed in a book that I don't notice that my feet are on the highest end of the hammock. When I am tired of that I go to sleep in some graceful position. Not really, you know—I keep one eye open."

"This summer's girl will have to be an entirely different type from last season's. Last summer the war was going on, and it was the proper caper to be sad and sentimental about it. It didn't matter if you hadn't a soul that you knew at the front, you pretended that you had a letter from a Southern camp, and then talked indignantly about the treatment the soldiers were receiving. I recollect that I rubbed my eyes until I was tired one day to make them red, and when folks noticed it I said I had just received a letter from Key West. In reality it was a tailor's bill asking me to please remit, but I heard the hotel clerk telling one of the guests that I was the most sympathetic creature in the world. Oh, you have to learn to do

all these things if you want to be a summer girl."

"What shall we have to talk about this year?" asked the other girl.

"Oh, anything but the war! Talk about golf, or yachting, or horses, or—"

"Suppose you don't know anything about those things?"

"Read them up, child. I studied football for an hour before breakfast every day, because a football man was at my table, and I paralyzed everybody talking about it. The women said I was unwomanly, but—well, he seemed to like it. 'Anything else you must do?' asked the curly-haired girl; she had taken out a little pencil and a book, and was taking notes.

"You must learn to play poker and billiards. Oh, you must be sporty if you want to be a summer girl. Slow girls don't go nowadays. Then you must carry a cigarette case."

"Gracious! I could never—"

"Oh, you don't have to smoke, you know, but just carry the case and have it always empty. Then they'll fill it up for you and try and find out if you'll smoke 'em. I had mine filled six times one evening last summer. I got two packs of Egyptians and one and a half of Turkish. I ran upstairs and emptied the case into my bureau drawer each time and came back for more. It was great fun."

"Didn't they make your things smell of tobacco?"

"Not for long. You see I got rid of them—look at this blue negligee. Isn't it pretty? Sixteen yards of real Val on that gown."

"It's too pretty just to wear in your room!"

"I shan't wear it in my room, goosie. Only when I rush out hurriedly to speak to the chambermaid, just as though I had thrown it on carelessly. It takes a quarter of an hour to tie all those bows. Minnie Dimplechin had a pink one last year, and she used to wander about the hotel halls with her hair down her back asking people if they smelled smoke. She used to say she was so nervous about fire. It was very funny, for every one of us girls knew she was just showing off the gown, but if a man happened to appear on the scene she hurried off in a confused way, as though she didn't like to be seen in such a costume."

"I shall have to get one of those gowns. I never thought of that. It's quite complicated being a summer girl, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you know how to swim and dive?"

"Just a little!"

"Well, that's always a good chance to get ahead of the girls who have to stand by the rope and jump up and down. If you can swim out to a raft you are sure to cut off a lot of the others, and all the men swim out to the raft, you see, so you must practice until you become expert. Then get the prettiest kind of a suit that can be bought. I'd rather economize on my party dresses than my bathing suit."

The curly-headed girl made a few more notes. "How about wheeling?" she asked.

"It's rather *passé* for a summer girl. So many other people wheel that they are always getting up parties to go to impossible places. I pretend that I don't wheel. It's like mountain climbing—everybody does it, and you must be unique to be a summer girl."

"But the dresses and boots are so pretty."

"Oh, you can wear them mornings around the place. It is quite the thing nowadays to live in a short skirt. But don't wear the boots. Wear low shoes and those plaid check hose. They are much more picturesque and cooler, too. And don't play or sing. There is nothing that gets a girl disliked by men nowadays so much as the idea that she must show off her accomplishments, especially at the piano. You notice the woman who is always howling sentimental songs is avoided."

"A little banjo music is good sometimes on a yacht or out of doors somewhere, but don't give them 'Rusticans' or anything like that. You'd better underline that, it's important!"

"How about getting engaged? You've been so many times!"

"Oh, just say that you think people should know each other better and that you can't think of such a thing, and then, if he shows any signs of weakening, say that if he will make it an engagement conditional on the feelings of both at the close of the season you will agree, but it must be a solemn secret."

"How will people know about it, then?"

"Why, you pick out the chattiest woman in the hotel and tell her all about it, and make her promise not to mention it. That is all that's necessary! The whole hotel will know it in an hour."—*N. Y. Sun*.

## A Strong Situation.

THESE June evenings are so pleasant that young people promenade along the residential streets which are the just pride of Toronto, and chatter cheerfully about little things. A young couple were sauntering past a fine house with a deep balcony when the girl said:

"An old maid lives in there. She's rich and lives alone with two servants."

As they passed on a woman in the balcony, who had heard the words, sat erect in her chair and followed the couple with her eyes until they were cut off by intersecting trees. Even then she did not move, but sat with her eyes fixed on the point where the white skirt passed beyond her vision.

Did this mean much, or anything? Had this lone female a story? Had the stream of her life been placid, or had it plunged over Niagara at one time? And the girl, radiant with life, where would Fate bestow her at the end of ten years? There are in that situation infinite possibilities. It is the theme for a novel.

"She has a complexion like a tinted china cup." "Yes; it's a beautiful mug."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



Captain Dreyfus.

itself. Then Marchand returned to France, the hero of a people who have been rather short of heroes of late. He makes pompous speeches, coins sounding phrases, and altogether seems disposed to play to the mad humor of his countrymen. Returning a second time to France, he drives Paris into excesses of delight, and drives the unheard-of person is regarded for a day as a new-found Napoleon Bonaparte. The Chamber of Deputies becomes a place of brawls. Many of the *cafés* are closed. Soldiers are everywhere, ready for what may happen—prepared to prevent or to make a coup, as the game may require. Marchand is requested by the Government to leave



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Aller, Saturday, July 1, 11 a.m.  
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Travel, Saturday, July 29, 11 a.m.  
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On and After Thursday, June 1st  
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Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side)  
daily except Sunday at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2  
p.m., and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Lewiston  
and Queenston, connecting with the New  
York Central and Hudson River R.R., Michi-  
gan Central R.R., Niagara Falls Park and  
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The Wabash Railroad Company will  
sell round trip tickets to Los An-  
geles, Cal., at the lowest rate ever  
made from Canada to the land of  
flowers. Tickets on sale from June  
24th to July 7th, good to arrive  
back at starting point on or before  
September 5th. All tickets should  
read over the Wabash, the short and  
true route to California, finest equip-  
ment trains in America.  
Full particulars from any railway  
agent or J. A. Richardson, District  
Passenger Agent, north-east corner  
King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and  
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**New York Rates Reduced.**

Via C. P. R., T. H. & B. and New York  
Central Railroads.

Toronto and Hamilton are benefited  
by the recent announcement of re-  
duction in rates to New York in con-  
nection with the New York Central.  
An arrangement has been consum-  
mated whereby travellers from these  
cities can procure tickets at Cana-  
dian Pacific and Toronto, Hamilton  
and Buffalo agencies for the evening  
train which leaves Toronto at 5.30  
p.m., Hamilton 6.25 p.m., at the same  
rates as other lines. Through buffet  
sleeper attached. Patrons of this  
train are landed at the Grand Central  
station, corner of 42nd street and  
4th avenue, the very heart of the  
city of New York, without annoyance  
of ferry transfer. All principal hotels  
and business houses within easy ac-  
cess. Cheap cab service to any point  
in New York. Call on Canadian Pa-  
cific or T. H. & B. agents for space  
in sleeping car, tickets or any infor-  
mation, or address H. Parry, General  
Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., 308  
Main street, Buffalo.

**Anecdotal.**

Just before his recent illness, Rud-  
yard Kipling was at the Century  
Club when a group of men were dis-  
cussing the exact location of the  
boundary between sobriety and in-  
ebriation. One of them asked the  
Anglo-Indian when he should say a  
man was drunk. According to the  
story, Kipling replied: "I should say  
that a man is drunk when he sits on  
the curb outside his club and cries  
because he isn't at home."

Dr. Nedley, who has just died in

**Correct  
Wedding  
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High-class, artistic invitations and  
announcements—the very finest work-  
manship, the very best stock, cor-  
rectly engraved in the proper style.  
\$1 for 100 engraved cards from your  
copper-plate—business or social  
cards—the very best stock—in the  
correct sizes for ladies and gentlemen.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
"The Bookshop,"  
No. 8 King Street West.

Dublin, was at one time medical of-  
ficer of the Dublin Metropolitan Po-  
lice. One Sunday afternoon a crowd  
was standing outside a public house  
before the psychological moment ar-  
rived. Dr. Nedley approached, was  
recognized by some of the crowd,  
which opened out to let him pass, one  
of them remarking: "Let the doctor  
pass, boys; sure he has killed more  
poles than all the Invinibles put to-  
gether."

The following colloquy is reported  
between the late Mr. Spurgeon and a  
boy in his orphanage: "Miss Spur-  
gin, s'posin' there was an orphan  
'sylum an' a humered orphins in it,  
an' all the orphins had uncles an'  
aunties to bring 'em cakes an' apples,  
leest one orphan wot hadn't no one,  
oughtin' somebody give that or-  
phin a sixpence?" "I think so,"  
Bob," replied Mr. Spurgeon; "but  
why?" "Cause I'm him," said Bob.  
The story goes that the "orphan" had  
the sixpence.

Some years ago a dispute between  
two Maoris over the title to a piece  
of land was brought before one of  
the magistrates in a newly-opened  
district in New Zealand. The plain-  
tiff, a handsome young native little  
more than a boy, alleged that the  
land had belonged to his family for  
generations, but had been wrongfully  
seized by the defendant some years  
before. Turning to the defendant, a  
grim old war chief of renowned  
prowess, the judge asked him for his  
statement of title. The warrior rose,  
pointed a disdainful finger at the  
boy, and exclaimed, "Fifteen years  
ago I ate his father. The land is  
mine." And there the defence rested.

In Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Re-  
liscences*, there is a good story about  
Thomas Carlyle and his friend Alling-  
ham, the poet and essayist, whom  
Mr. McCarthy describes as one of the  
gentlest of men. One thing that  
would never have occurred to any of  
his friends as possible was the chance  
of his taking on himself to dispute  
with Carlyle. But once when Carlyle  
was denouncing an English states-  
man, he gently urged that something  
might be said on the other side. "Eh,  
William Allingham," Carlyle broke  
forth, "you're just about the most  
disputatious man I ever met. Eh!  
man, when you're in one of your hu-  
mors you'd just dispute about any-  
thing." It was the fable of the wolf  
and the lamb over again.

**Nothing but Women.**

*Their Curious Wills and Ways.*

VISITORS to the Columbian  
Exhibition some six years  
ago, will remember the ad-  
dresses and lectures upon  
Domestic Science given by  
an attractive little lady  
named Mrs. Coleman Stuckert, and  
applauded with enthusiasm by ad-  
vanced thinkers. In six years, many  
of Mrs. Coleman Stuckert's views  
have been carried out with trium-  
phant success, and she is again in  
America, in Toronto, indeed, with a  
scheme which knocks the "flat-  
residence" idea into a cocked hat.  
Mrs. Coleman Stuckert is exceedingly  
pretty, exceedingly earnest and ex-  
ceedingly clear in statement of her  
designs for the comfort of house-  
keepers. Not so much is her cry for  
the ease of women as for the com-  
fort of the entire home circle, and  
great is her plan of a hollow square,  
bordered with houses from four to  
twelve rooms in height and width,  
handsomely built in harmonizing yet  
individual designs, with an inner  
promenade, pavilions, tennis and  
croquet grounds, a central building  
with assembly and dining halls, kit-  
chens, lodging rooms for skilled  
workers in soups and soups, for  
there is never a kitchen or a wash-  
tub in any of the houses, nor a fur-  
nace for a gas meter, nor a hot  
water boiler. Everything comes from  
that central edifice, a fine, slightly  
building. Mrs. Stuckert and I spent  
the whole morning with a most fas-  
cinating lot of plans and pictures  
spread between us on a table in the  
sanctum. I cavilled, objected, doubt-  
ed and asked questions about the  
fifty houses and their fifty families,  
and the chief cook, and the dinner  
and supper menus, and the ovens,  
and the catering and the cost, and  
when I had done my best I had to  
be converted in spite of myself, and  
to long for a city block upon which  
to begin the building of the most  
sensible, perfect and beautiful co-  
operative house-keeping by whole-  
sale the eyes of me ever looked into.  
Immense thought has been given  
to every detail, immense re-  
spect to the individual home  
life, which makes the pitiful vulgarity  
of the flat strike one bitterly;  
there is nothing which has not been  
proved, no figures which won't stand  
the light, in this idea, fostered,  
cherished, made clear and possible  
by the clever, understanding, devoted  
brain of one small woman. I trust  
she may be induced to lecture about  
it, to put it into actual working order  
right here in Toronto. That would  
honor and advertise the city the  
world over. The big hotel scheme  
wouldn't be a patch upon it.

Some such departure will be made  
before long, to settle the vexing ser-  
vant question, which is making  
housekeepers old before their time,  
bankrupting one's purse and one's  
temper and shortening the life of the  
modern man. The experiment of  
which I detailed the failure a fort-  
night ago, of one capable woman un-  
dertaking domestic service under ex-

isting conditions, shows that it isn't  
the good servant alone who can make  
a change. The time has come for a  
change in conditions, and the old  
order must give place to the new.  
There will still be wealthy persons  
who can import and keep trained  
labor at their beck and call, but for  
the ordinary salary, the middle class  
home, even the humbler homes, real  
servants have, like the dodo, practi-  
cally become extinct. It is hard to  
get out of a rut, but one cannot avoid  
turning, if one's destination is home,  
ease, comfort, satisfaction. The  
wrench once made, one's experience  
will prove it worth while, even  
though the chariot wheels may have  
threatened to come off in the making.  
When a college systematically trains  
women to do housework, to cook,  
to wash, to make all things pleasant to  
the eyes and good for food, all the  
useful things to be desired to make  
one wise, the tree of knowledge will  
have a rival in every back yard, and  
its branches will be entwined with  
the branches of the tree of life.  
Wages will be paid, co-operatively,  
large enough to give dignity to the  
office of the culinary artist, the pro-  
fessor of laundry work, as they have  
grown to be paid to the blessing of  
these latter days, the professional  
nurse.

I wish I had room to tell you of  
the exquisite detail, the perfect con-  
sideration and the utter reasonableness  
of the scheme of homemaking  
and housekeeping I have been con-  
sidering. With them all in my mind,  
the usual procedure seems the most  
childish and inconsequent effort be-  
gun in doubt, continued in discom-  
fort, and given up in dismay. So  
many disgruntled families boarding,  
so many weary wives carping, quar-  
relling, divorcing, so many uncom-  
fortable husbands, neglecting, drink-  
ing, ill-treating (and ill-treatment  
doesn't necessarily mean a use of the  
fists or the kicking apparatus), surely  
may be one's reason for considering  
a possible solution in a change of  
conditions, such as my charming little  
lady is ready to let loose on us.

Personally, I love keeping house,  
even the part which is usually known  
as drudgery seems good to me. I  
take a holy pleasure in a china  
cabinet and a distinct delight in piles  
of glossy damask and clean-smelling  
linen. English housekeeping seemed  
a wonder to me, and its system im-  
pressed me indelibly. One of the de-  
lights of a holiday in a certain ram-  
bling old house which many years ago  
(how many! ye gods!) resounded to  
my baby yells, is being allowed to  
get up a Sunday dinner all alone,  
without a creature to run an errand,  
find an elusive utensil that has strayed  
from its hook, or remind me that a  
wood fire isn't a gas range, and  
may go out. It may be a low taste—  
I have quite a lot of low tastes, and  
I don't worry over them, rather enjoy  
them now and then. It might be  
more useful to prefer to go to church  
and eat a cold dinner, but it would  
be hypocrisy. I console myself by re-  
flecting that I generally don't want  
to eat the dinner, being tired of it  
by the time it is ready, so it must  
be the combined love of cooking for  
its own sake, and enjoyment of the  
family appreciation.

Books of sympathy have been  
written upon the man in house-keeping  
time, but very little upon the woman  
who, in her fine frenzy of action, for-  
gets all minor things. She is an in-  
spiration, if you take her aright, with  
her head tied up in a towel, her  
ankles cleared for action, sails furled  
on bare arms, fire in her eye and  
firmness on her lips, every pulse a-  
beating and every vein tingling, every  
muscle strung and every nerve at  
high tension, she is a morning tonic,  
and though you see her finish, there  
is no hint of it, as she gallantly sets  
out on the warpath after dirt.  
Just as de trop and inopportune is  
the foolish man who comes home for  
meals at such seasons as would be  
the wife who arrived on the Stock  
Exchange during a corner or a panic  
or whatever the crisis is properly  
called, and asked to be taken for  
ice creams, or escorted to the mat-  
inee. The greater absorbs the less,  
business is business, and the funny  
paraphrase along house-keeping  
jokes has never been a woman.

Extreme irritation and unpleasant  
excitement works itself out in vari-  
ous ways. I have always admired  
Gladstone's tree-chopping. He and  
he alone knew what it meant to him.  
I know a practical woman who averts  
a bad day on her knees, not pray-  
ing, but scrubbing, any room she can  
get at in her dainty home. "When  
I get beyond myself I darn stock-  
ings—a big hole always calms my  
nerves!" said a woman to me yes-  
terday. Another woman, when she  
feels wicked, rips up a gown, reduces  
a good hat to chaos, and ruefully re-  
garding it, acknowledges her restora-  
tion. Some women gossip and vilify  
their neighbors, some go to the Turk-  
ish baths, some go into a health re-  
sort, some buy recklessly and repent  
over the bills. Many women, many  
ways!

LADY GAY.

Bridge (reading laboriously)—Hev  
you seen this, Pat? It sez here that  
whin a man loses wan av his sines,  
his other sines gets more developed.  
Fir instans, a blind mon gets more  
sense av hearin', an' touch, an'—  
Pat—Shure, an' it's quite thrue; O'ive  
noticed it meself. Whin a mon has  
wan leg shorter than the other, be-  
gorra, the other leg's longer, isn't  
it now?—Ex.

**Books and Shop Talk.**

THE Market-Place, by Harold  
Frederic, is a new story just  
published in Toronto by Wil-  
liam Briggs. It is the last  
work of an editor-author who died  
most unexpectedly, a few months  
ago, in early middle age. Har-  
old Frederic was London corre-  
spondent of a leading New York  
newspaper and a man of great force  
of character. Several novels preced-  
ed this final one, all dealing with  
strenuous affairs of life, the fight and  
fury of politics and finance. Of  
them all I liked best his *Seth's Bro-  
ther's Wife*, a story of journalism  
and politics in the Greater New York.  
In that story the author may have  
displayed some rawness of manner,  
but this fault, if it existed at all,  
was more than atoned for in the  
abundance of matter put into the  
story. The Market-Place is a story  
of finance in London and draws a  
picture of a great transaction on the  
Stock Exchange in which an advent-  
urer, Stormont Thorpe, makes an  
immense fortune by crushing to the  
wall a number of Hebrew speculators  
who had been crushing others to  
death for years. Without outlining  
the scheme, I may say, as one who  
knows little about transactions on  
"Change, that the trick that Thorpe  
played seems a little too simple to  
be possible—too easily done and too  
tremendously prolific of result. But,  
of course, there cannot be a novel  
without a plot—at least some coup  
was necessary to make a story, and  
it required to be a simple one so  
that it would be comprehensible to  
the public. The story is a strong  
one, particularly strong because of  
the leading figure in it, Stormont  
Thorpe, who somehow constantly re-  
calls Cecil Rhodes to the mind of  
the reader, perhaps because of his phre-  
nastic impassivity, his face being a  
fleshly mask behind which his  
lightning intelligence operated with-  
out outward manifestation. Lord Flo-  
wden promised to be somebody,  
yet he fell away. The women in  
the story seem unreal persons,  
save only Thorpe's cranky  
old sister. The book will almost cer-  
tainly have quite a run, because of  
the Hooley scandals. The finish of  
the story is surprisingly indefinite,  
and it seems reasonable to suppose  
that Mr. Frederic contemplated an  
other volume in which he would push  
Thorpe into politics in pursuance of  
the resolve he forms in the last chap-  
ter to "Rule England." This may  
not have been Frederic's intention,  
but certainly such a man as Thorpe,  
fired by such a purpose, would make  
interesting attacks on the fortresses  
of politics.

It is time that some judiciously-  
minded critic wrote an honest ap-  
preciation of Thomas Moore, says  
The Outlook. His frequent faultiness  
and indifferent art are apparent, but  
the genuine lyric worth that remains  
is nowadays ignored even by Irishmen.  
In fact, the case against Moore has  
been quite overstated by Irish writ-  
ers. Mr. Yeats among them. Much of  
Moore's work, Irish and general, must  
be brushed away by good criticism,  
but the worthy ought not to share  
the fate of the mediocre.

By Berwen Banks is a story by  
Allen Raine, published for Canada by  
W. J. Gage. It is a Welsh story  
dealing with love and a long stand-  
ing feud between a church vicar and  
a Methodist preacher. The plot is  
somewhat conventional, but the book  
is interesting.

**Floral Decorations.**

Some Instances Where Expenditures  
Were on a Generous Scale.

THE floral decorations at the  
recent wedding in West-  
minster Abbey of Lady  
Peggy Primrose with Lord  
Grewe marked a departure  
from the custom usually  
adopted on such occasions, and  
were notable for simplicity of  
taste rather than ostentation. It  
was in the early seventies that  
the passion for using flowers in  
large quantities for decorative pur-  
poses in private entertainments began  
to develop. In 1871 the late Sir Ed-  
ward Scott, gave London society  
something new to talk about by  
ordering the florists to do just as they  
liked in preparing for a ball. During

**Insurance on  
SHOES FOR  
25 cts.**

**PACKARD'S SPECIAL  
SHOE DRESSING**

WILL DO THIS, AND THE EARLIER  
YOU ADOPT IT THE GREATER  
WILL BE YOUR BENEFIT. IT'S

**POLICY**

Can not be  
Contested.

25 CENTS  
AT SHOE STORES

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L. H. PACKARD & CO.

Can not be  
Contested.

the same year the Marquis of Bristol  
gave a dance, and the ball-room was  
made to imitate the Hanging Gardens  
of Babylon. No less than six tons of  
ivy were used to give a castellated  
effect to the walls of the room. Then  
Gerard Leigh spent \$2,500 on flowers  
for a single entertainment, and Lady  
Sutton went so far as to lay out  
\$15,000 in a similar direction. The late  
Colonel North gave a fancy dress ball  
at the beginning of 1888, and 2,000  
plants of the lily of the valley were  
brought from Italy and the south of  
France for the decorations.

Ornamentation in the matter of floral  
decorations has also run to the ex-  
treme in the United States during the  
last few years. A new record for  
artistic extravagance was made by  
the wedding of Miss Consuelo Van-  
derbilt with the Duke of Marlborough.  
Only in New York have artificial  
mocking-birds, concealed in masses  
of flowers and foliage on a dining-  
table, given out shrill bird-calls when  
the host pressed an electric button  
with his foot. Another instance of  
an elaborate use of flowers was fur-  
nished at a private banquet in Wash-  
ington a few years ago, when two  
immense balls of roses broke over the  
table and thousands of rosebuds, or-  
ange blossoms, and bunches of lilies  
of the valley deluged the guests be-  
low. When a New York hostess, now  
dead, opened her private ball-room,  
several years ago, a light screen was  
put over the walls of the room, and  
to the screen light yellow roses in  
numbers sufficient to cover the walls  
completely were fastened. At one  
period of the evening three hundred  
blackbirds were liberated. They flew  
overhead and clung to the walls of  
yellow roses, forming a unique color  
symphony of black and gold.

**Correspondence Coupon.**

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.

Patriot—Impossible to say. I myself  
recognize the ill-breeding of the man or  
woman who speaks in an offensive tone  
to the people of any country he or she  
happens to be visiting. Our neighbors  
to the South don't get the worst of it  
when they are called "miserable Yankees  
by an impudent young militia man," as  
you relate. The militia man infinitely  
lowers himself by courtesy which no  
thinking person of any refinement would  
call patriotism. You asked for it  
straight, my boy—now you have it.

Cleopatra—1. Etiquette of theaters differs.  
In theaters frequented by shop-  
girls and persons of the middle class gen-  
erally, you see a great deal of vandy  
eating. It is emphatically their usage.  
I never saw a person careful of good  
form eating candy at a concert or at the  
play. Now, use your free will! It is a free  
country, you know! It will strike some  
of us as vulgar. 2. Your story is  
charming; refinement, grace and care for  
appearances, love of beauty, ambition,  
hope, sociability, neatness and order, re-  
asonable discretion and deliberation are  
shown.

Grandpa—"The boss of the correspond-  
ence column" salutes you! To sign such  
a name, and then enquire of me whether  
I think you are likely ever to be married,  
rather upsets my ideas. It is an exceed-  
ingly vital and magnetic hand, dashing,  
keen-witted, logical and forceful, and its  
assertion and bright perception, quick de-  
cision, emphasis, domination and enter-  
prise are shown. What your hand finds  
to do, or your heart, or your head, acts  
down smartly. I think life has probably  
been rather pleasant for you; there isn't  
any marked ambition showing yet, yet to  
be satisfied, and there is a fruitful curve  
of pessimism. It ought to belong to a  
nature more merciful than just.

Raven Scott—Your abnormal sensitiv-  
ness may be constitutional. Don't strive  
against it; but avoid as much as possible  
contact with those people you describe.  
You need not avoid contact—only conflict.  
Clear yourself of any self-doubt; be  
neutral, quiet, reserved, and remember,  
in psychic matters one takes just the  
same precautions as in physical. Protect  
your spots, and don't step on carpet tacks.  
You've been neglecting these rules. Don't  
get so—open the shrinking heart to nat-  
ure and great thoughts. Sugar it.  
[You don't ask for a delineation  
and write on ruled paper. I suppose the  
faint is artistic. My temperament  
seems to suggest it. Let me hear later  
on.]

Adam Lamb—Your letter makes me  
very weary. I don't think it was a wise  
man who said, "Know thyself." Some-  
times aren't worth knowing. I am so  
interested in knowing better folk that  
self-knowledge only gets in as an extra-  
neous, most expensive and most useless, as  
usual. Sorry I roasted you, Adam. Please  
forgive and forget. It's easy! I wonder  
whether your second letter would not  
justify some of my delineation before an  
unprejudiced bar.

Charlotte—Why do I dislike the phrase,  
"An old man's darling"? I suppose, be-  
cause of my sense of the eternal fitness  
of things. Why shouldn't I have a woman  
like me expect great attention from young  
men? It is such an easy question to  
answer. Youth turns to youth for love  
and laughter. The ways of the older  
folks are not theirs. All the same, there  
are exceptions; no one disputes it. 2. It  
would be proper if it were not the same  
entrance as that used by the bridegroom.  
The old notion is that the bride and groom  
should meet at the altar, that is all. 3.  
Your writing is very practical and care-  
ful of appearances and conventions. The  
look of a thing is important with you.  
You are not very buoyant, nor hopeful,  
somewhat tenacious, a pessimist, slightly  
mistrustful, honest but unfinished in ef-  
fort. You never expend an emotion or a  
thought in a prodigal manner, but of  
words you are not quite so careful. A  
good study, a bit masculine, but worthy  
and frank.

A.W.S.—It is rather a poser. I fancy  
your friends sometimes wonder why you  
do certain things. I should, in their  
place. You are discursive, rather con-  
servative, erratic in impulse, and very  
proud of yourself. Sometimes you are  
clever, but not often. You should be  
clever, and may be artistic, have no idea  
of sweet reasonableness, nor logic of any  
sort; are apt to despond or give up under  
stress of circumstances; a character un-  
likely without rule or rote.

Your Faithful Admirer, Grille.—I go on  
with you! 'Tis the worry of my life that  
I wasn't. Just missed it by such a short  
time, too! 2. By all means, learn the  
chicken-tracks. I am tackling them my-  
self, this very day. Learn everything,  
my sweet child. It comes in very handy.  
Thanks for your letter. By the way, I  
rather think that invention rests in the  
brain of a paragon. I have been un-  
able to find anything of it.

Mary Anne—Eight of you? Well, God  
bless you, the whole eight. 'Tis a fine  
specimen you sent me. Your writing



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Makes a great big profit when  
he sells you an imitation of  
Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

**Adams' Tutti Frutti**

is made from pure chicle gum, and  
there is no other gum "just as good"  
or half so good.

**Any  
Salt**

Will do—is that what  
you tell your grocer?  
There is a salt that you will  
remember to ask for, once you  
try it.

It not only makes free, but is  
absolutely pure, white, natural  
salt crystals.

Made by the Vacuum Process,  
the only system which ensures  
perfect purity and evenness of  
crystal.

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and Allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous  
Affections and Impurities of the Blood. Es-  
pecially by Haro's System of Therapeutics and  
Alton's System of Medicine. Experienced  
Physicians and Attendants in Massage Treat-  
ment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water  
Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLM-  
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Open the year round

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—DRINKS IT ALL  
—NO DREGS  
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Turn It  
Upside Down

The success attained  
in the short time this  
Ale has been before the  
public is unprecedented

A single trial will  
convince.

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Limited

shows great evenness of temper, justice  
and adaptability. You have artistic  
lines, and I've no doubt could do pretty  
work. Great enterprise, much vitality,  
steady purpose, some originality, bright  
mind, tendency to talk over frankly, but  
so charming that I'm in love, too!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup  
has been used by mothers for their children with  
teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of  
your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with  
pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle  
of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children  
teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the  
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it,  
mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dia-  
rrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind  
colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and  
gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs.  
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is  
pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of  
the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in  
the United States, and is for sale by all druggists  
throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a  
bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-  
ing Syrup."



## Studio and Gallery

Art has been called upon to play an important part in the Jubilee services of Loretto Abbey, as is most. The ladies have, with untiring energy and arduous zeal, sought by its aid to make the event memorable. They have added to their already extensive building a chapel whose architecture and finishings must be a source of much gratification, the work of Beaumont Jarvis and William J. Hynes. A full description of it has already been published. In the altar, between the four pillars, two on either side, is placed a painting of the Holy Family, by E. Wyly Grier. The scene represents Christ leaving the Temple, the Virgin clasping His hand, as though to hasten the departure or seek an explanation of the delay, Joseph, as we have been wont to imagine him, waiting in grave and somewhat abstracted mood. Beyond the Temple, whose pillars and steps alone appear, are the blue sky and green trees. The coloring is rich, but subdued. The figures are natural in pose, alive, and characterized by expression peculiar to each. Dignity combines with simplicity and religious emotion to make the effect harmonious and appropriate. The head of the Virgin is from Raphael's Madonna of the Diadem; St. Joseph from the same artist's Madonna del Lagarto; and the child Jesus from Murillo's Holy Family of the London National Gallery. It was deemed best to follow these long-accepted models, because of their recognized place in the religious art of the past, and possibly because we are not yet prepared for our modern interpretations in art of religious truth. It is the first religious composition of our city artists, and we are greatly pleased to see it.

Of all the 165 pupils, or more, attending Loretto, either as resident or outside students, few are excused from the study of art, from the tots of five and six in the kindergarten to the graduating class. In the primary department are at least 99 pupils, taking the regular course prescribed for art schools. From all departments 129 took the recent examinations in art, Frances Boyd competing in all ten subjects, and E. Barnhardt, Grace Hogaboom and others in eight and nine subjects. Brenda Kirk, G. Bell, Mamie Mason, Clara Barnett, Annie Murphy, T. and M. Clarke, Teresa MacKenna, all show good work in this department.

In water colors, in flowers, still life, marine and landscape, some very nice work is shown—the flowers receiving, perhaps, most attention. Miss Dymna Byrne excels in figures and heads, some heads being very delicate in treatment. Miss Piper's water colors and pen-and-ink sketches are also clever. Miss Kelly finds sympathy with religious subjects. Miss M. Evans, Miss M. Oldfield, Clara Barnett, May Mason, Ida Jacob, A. Kelly, A. McNulty, are all earnest students, some in oils, but most in watercolors.

The artistic needlework is very satisfactory. One hour a day to sewing is a good per cent. of time in this busy institution, and embraces sewing that is for very practical purposes, besides for ornamentation. The five-o'clock covers and centerpieces, d'oyles, cushions and tea cozies are numerous and excellent in technique. Two particularly nice five-o'clock covers of green linen, have appliqued corners, in white linen, on which, on one, is worked delicately-shaded pansies, on the other pinkish-purple orchids, the work of Miss Corcoran and Miss Suckling, respectively.

Miss Eugene Rioux's cover, in linen embroidery in Battenberg fashion, and one with Honiton lace border, are very well executed. Bullion embroidery is also taught; a very pretty white satin drap for the altar was embroidered in gold and jewels.

The ceramic display is, without doubt, one of the best we have had here in any one institution. All the latest methods and colors and fashions of china are represented. For eight years the gold medal has been given from the provincial art examiners in this department; and it also took the Lady Aberdeen medal. We cannot attempt any detailed account of the many pieces of excellent work we saw. The firing is excellent, the coloring tender and delicate, or rich and strong as in the Rookwood finish, the designs simple or luxuriant, as seems most appropriate. Some of the figures used in decoration are carefully done. Several ladies of the city study

here. Mrs. Spotten, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Sheedy, Miss Corcoran, Miss Joyce, Miss Rioux, Miss N. Roach, Miss Connelly, Miss L. Hughes, Mrs. Croft, Miss Evans, Miss Gallagher, have all varied and careful work. Miss Maud May is well represented in variety and technique.

Rosa Bonheur had many honors showered upon her since the Empress Eugenie gave her the decoration of the Legion of Honor. She was always a staunch patriot. It is related that in 1871 Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia, rode into her chateau grounds at the head of a troop of Uhlans. Dismounting, he asked graciously that the great artist would do him the honor of receiving his visit and show him some of her pictures. A servant carried the message to her mistress, and in a few seconds returned with the answer: "The Crown Prince of Prussia is welcome to look at the pictures he wishes to see, but Rosa Bonheur cannot, and will not, entertain her country's conqueror." The Prince, as may be expected, was greatly taken aback with such an answer. For a moment he stood undecided, then said carelessly: "Well, well, so be it; but as I cannot see the artist, I do not care to see her pictures, but tell Rosa Bonheur that her courage is above that of men, for in all France there is not a householder who would have dared defy Frederick of Prussia at the head of a regiment of soldiers."

The death of Rosa Bonheur not only deprived the artistic world of its foremost female painter, but removed a very kind-hearted woman. Her last public act was to refuse an honor in order that it might be conferred on a junior. A prominent English artist met her a short time since and she told him that a peasant child, whom she had induced to become her model, asked, "Why do you paint cows when there are so many cows in the world?" She asked the same child whether she would like a bunch of violets or a sketch of the violets. "Oh, the violets," replied the girl; "your sketches have no scent." "A true criticism," added Rosa Bonheur.

The tapestry painting of Miss Puddicombe and Mrs. Ferrie is worthy of notice. The pieces form very suitable backgrounds for cosy corners.

Altogether, we were much impressed with the sincerity of the art effort in the Abbey, and glad to find its study so general.

Quite a little party of ladies spent Saturday afternoon last among the shady vales of Reservoir Park, sketching under the direction of Henry Martin, O. S. A.

The W. A. A. sketched on the 15th at Mrs. Arthur's, Davenport road. On June 22nd they go to Hanlan's Point at 5.30 p.m.; and on June 29th to Mrs. Proctor's, 71 Grenville street, at 2 p.m. There is stimulus and congeniality in these little sketching parties not possible to lone sketchers.

—JEAN GRANT.

### The Methods of the Police.

In Paris the "Dossier" Plays an Important Part in Politics and Business.

IN Toronto we find it necessary to complain sometimes of the conduct of the police—they are, we think, too arbitrary in their rule and too much inclined to hold the city as if in military occupation. This charge is made against, or occasioned by, as a rule, the obscure policeman who at night seems to think that he has a great city on his hands. Yet if every charge made against the Toronto police force were proven true to-morrow, it would mean little harm to anybody. There are other places where things are very bad, and where the police, by secret espionage, hold men in thralldom. Here we call it blackmail, and we suppress it, although there is probably a great deal more of it in Toronto than would be supposed by one who made no enquiries along that line.

Over in London it is pretty generally known that when a newcomer rents a house in one of the better class neighborhoods of London the police make it their business to find out all about him. Within twenty-four hours after you have fixed the last blind to your new house the "bobby on the beat" has discovered your means of gaining a living and where you gain it; has arrived at a fairly accurate estimate of your income, and is quietly pursuing enquiries into your antecedents. But this is not dickered at police headquarters nor turned to political uses.

But in every Continental city of importance no person of average means escapes having the minutest private details filed at the police quarters. These police records are known by the name of "dossiers"—a word for which there is no adequate equivalent in the English language, but which has become exceedingly familiar to every one in this country in connection with the Dreyfus case.

The entire controversy on the subject of the prisoner of Devil's Island may be said to depend upon the mysterious contents of the Dreyfus dossier, which alone can determine the question of his guilt or innocence.

The word "dossier" in a general sense means a bundle of documents relating to either one particular subject or individual. But it is more especially used to describe the documentary evidence, good and bad, in

connection with a person's record, and on the Continent a considerable part of the detective force is employed exclusively in securing material for dossiers.

One's relatives do not escape. If a man's grandfather committed forgery the fact is recorded in the dossier of the innocent grandson. Not long ago there was a certain ambassador of a great power at Paris, the contents of whose dossier at the Prefecture of Police were such as to place him altogether at the mercy of the French Government and to render him more or less useless to his own sovereign.

The dossier, indeed, is carried to extremes in Paris. The Prefect of Police presents to the Minister of the Interior a daily report of the doings and goings on during the previous twenty-four hours, not only of the leading public men, but even of his colleagues in the Administration and of the Chief Magistrate himself.

Thus it is a matter of public notoriety at Paris that the cause of President Casimir-Perier's startlingly sudden and otherwise wholly unaccountable resignation was the fact that M. Dupuy had obtained by means of his secret agents possession of a secret of the President, which concerned not only the latter's future, but likewise the fair name of another person.

Realizing that, under the circumstances, he would be entirely at the mercy of M. Dupuy during the remainder of his presidency, and in that way probably forced to consent to measures of which he thoroughly disapproved, he preferred to resign.

There are several incidents in the career of President Faure, notably during the closing months of his life, that can be explained only by the fact that his Ministers were in possession of some knowledge which they were using in order to terrorize him into compliance with their demands.

The knowledge comprised in these dossiers is by no means kept secret. In fact, so great is the readiness of the police to furnish information that any bank or house of business employing a bookkeeper or cashier, any firm engaging a manager or salesman, in a word, nearly every employer possessed of any commercial standing, can apply to the Prefecture of Police, if not for the dossier itself, at any rate for what is known as the "sommiere."

This is a precise or list, not merely of the convictions, but even of the charges, often unfounded, that may have been brought, ever since childhood, against the person concerned. So that if an elderly man who for more than a quarter of a century has lived in every sense of the word a life that can be described as straight and above-board, has had the misfortune in his youth to be arrested and fined for drunkenness, or to have been even suspected, though not indicted or convicted, of any offence, it is recorded against him, and the record or sommiere is at the disposal of his would-be employer; sometimes, too, of a man who is intent on doing him injury. In Toronto the police keep records of all convictions, and can turn up the record of any man who is accused of any offence, but that is very different from the system followed in Paris.

### Men who Kill Time.

THOUSANDS of men who might be occupying positions of responsibility are mere machines simply because they will not think. They are six o'clock men; watchers for the dinner hour; men who fairly jostle their fellow-workers when it is time to quit in their eagerness to be relieved of the burden of work, and who slouch to their task in shoes of lead. Men who take no sort of thoughtful interest in what they are set to do, but merely try to kill the time involved in their wage, and there stop short.

The world is full of good positions. There are plenty of things to do. I do not believe that there is a particle of use of any able-bodied man being without useful and profitable employ. But the real point lies farther back. Very many people are of nature torpid, with which nature has endowed them. They simply can't do better, and that's the end of it. They loiter when they should act; neglect the essentials which would lead them on to usefulness, and then wonder, vaguely,

how it happens that they, too, are not of the favored ones.

These, given wood to carry, do not discover the need of carrying in the axe, if it comes on to rain. They were not hired to carry axes, but wood. If they are bookkeepers, bookkeepers they remain, just because they cannot comprehend that, the furnace needing replenishing, and they having the requisite time, they let the fire go out and the engine stop, for the reason that they were not hired to shovel coal. They will do their stint; no more, though the heavens fall. And so, when there comes a period of retrenchment, they are "laid off," and thereafter go about, bemoaning their cruel fate, and declaring that the world is against them.

Pshaw!

The world is not against them; they are against themselves. And could do quite as well as their more successful friends if they but would. But they will not, and so scratch a poor man's head all the days of their lives.—Toledo Journal.

### Exercise in Talking.

A Traveler's Comment on Conversational Gymnastics.

THE farther south one goes in Europe, the more do the people gesticulate in conversation, asserts a traveller who is at present "doing" Italy.

A Neapolitan, he says, goes through an entire course of calisthenics before he has talked five minutes. Give a Neapolitan a pair of dumb-bells and ask him what he thinks of the weather, and before he finishes his answer he will have taken enough healthful exercise to last him all day.

This traveller spent many an amusing hour in watching the Neapolitan talk. One day, in a cafe, he sat next to a couple of Italians, who were engaged in a most spirited conversation.

The younger of the two men grew very excited. With his hands he



made reaching and clinging motions as if climbing. Then he reached right and left above his head, as one would do in picking cherries.

Then, without slackening his remarkable flow of conversation, he put the thumb and first finger of his left hand together and held them a few inches before his eyes, and went through the careful movements of one threading a small needle. And all the time he talked.

Next he made overhead motions as if throwing. Then he gave an imitation of someone swimming.

After that he described several rapid circles with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel. Then he leaned forward, and with his right hand lifted, acted as a person would act in trying to put a key into a keyhole.

The writer asked his friend, who understood Italian, what all the fuss was about.

"They're talking chiefly about the weather," was the reply.

### Rescuing the Baby.

A HOUSE on fire is apt so to upset the inmates that they throw the looking-glass out of the window and carry the mattress down the stairs. Miss Kingsley describes, in West African Studies, a scene in which she herself and a native family were turned topsy-turvy by an invasion of the terrible driver-ants.

She writes: "I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the drivers in possession; but the mother and father

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of the family, when they recovered from this unwanted burst of activity, showed such a lively concern and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut that I thought it must be the baby.

"Although not a family man myself, the idea of that innocent infant perishing in such an appalling manner roused me to action, and I joined the frenzied group, crying, 'Where him live?' In him far corner for floor!" shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged.

"Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inert black mass with hundreds of cruel drivers already swarming upon it. To seize it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, 'the work of an instant.'

"She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into the water-barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian; that the thing wasn't an infant—it was a ham!"

### When the Seasons Change.

The Emperor of China has some strange duties. One of these is the ordering of the seasons. It is summer in America when the sun warms the earth, and not till then, but in China it is summer when the Emperor says it is summer.

As soon as the Emperor declares that summer has come, everybody in China puts off winter clothing and arranges himself in summer garb, no matter what his feelings say on the subject. All domestic arrangements are made to suit the season, as proclaimed by the Emperor, although they may not suit the individual at all.

The nearest approach to the Chinese custom of ordering the seasons is the practice observed in France in all public buildings. There it is winter on and after October 1st. Fires are then lighted in all Government offices, and the servants exchange their white summer waistcoats for the thicker and darker ones of winter.

At that date the public libraries are closed at four, and in the streets the sellers of roasted chestnuts make their appearance. In official France it is winter, no matter what the weather may say, and no matter what unofficial France may think.

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**T**WO very talented young pupils of Mrs. Norma Reynolds Reburn, Miss Emily Findlay and Miss Emily Selway, gave a vocal recital in the Music Hall of the Conservatory of Music on the 5th inst., and surprised everyone by the musicianly and finished interpretation of the various numbers allotted them. Mrs. Reburn presented a very interesting and diversified programme, which included numbers by Weber, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Schubert, Liszt, Massenet, Mercadente, Cowen, Brahms and Rossini. In such a scheme the versatility of the singers was severely tested, and it speaks well for the natural ability and the character of their training that the interest of the audience was sustained to the end. The duo from Rossini's Semiramide was one of the happiest efforts of the evening. Miss Findlay has a good soprano voice of great power for one so young, and possesses genuine musical temperament. Miss Selway's fine contralto was heard to advantage in her selections, the florid aria of Mercadente displaying flexibility and neat technique, while in other numbers she showed a well-sustained and smooth cantabile. Mr. L. R. Bridgman assisted at the organ, Mr. Herald at the piano, and Mr. Hahn at the violoncello, all of them being in excellent form.

A very interesting piano recital was given on Tuesday evening at St. George's Hall, by pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman. A large and appreciative audience listened with great attention to the various numbers. The programme was perhaps a heavier one than is usually attempted by students, compositions by Beethoven and Chopin predominating, and the manner in which it was carried through reflected great credit alike on pupils and teacher. The following young ladies took part: Miss Daisy Deyell, Miss Ella Crompton, Miss Alice Welsman, Miss Florence Turner and Miss Frances Bower. Miss Deyell opened the programme with the Field Nocturne in A, and the first of the Nocturnes, which were followed by Chopin's Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1, by Miss Crompton. Miss Welsman's numbers were the Allegro Vivace from Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 1, the two Chopin preludes in G and F, and the Valse, op. 70, No. 1. Miss Florence Turner also contributed a Beethoven Sonata—the Andante with variations—op. 26, and the Liszt Liebestraum, No. 3. Miss Frances Bower closed the programme with Chopin's Polonaise, op. 26, No. 1, and Schubert's Impromptu, op. 90, No. 4. A pleasing variety was given by the vocal and violin selections contributed by Miss Mottram and Miss Winifred Skeath-Smith, pupils respectively of Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. John Bayley. Mr. Welsman has much reason to be proud of the success of the recital and of the able manner in which his pupils acquitted themselves.

Mrs. William Stone, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, won quite a triumph the other day by her singing at a concert in Owen Sound. One of the local papers says: "Mrs. Stone has a lovely contralto voice, and showed it to perfection in A Dream of Paradise, and Resurrexit, graciously responding to an encore after the latter."

The well known Canadian operatic singer, Miss Attalie Claire, on Saturday brought a counter suit of divorce against her husband, Dr. Alfred Kayne. The singer's husband, it is alleged, instituted proceedings against his wife for divorce and took from her custody their five-year-old child.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of Loretto Abbey was opened on Tuesday morning with imposing and appropriate ceremonies. The musical feature of the event was the excellent rendering of Gounod's Messe Solenne, which, specially arranged for women's voices by Mr. Schuch, was sung by a well selected choir of fifty voices. An attractive jubilee hymn, the composition of Miss Adele Lemaitre, was also sung. The composer presided at the organ and played the following numbers during the service: Offertory, Guilmant; Marche, Baliste; Offertory, No. 9, Lemaitre, and Verst. Wely. The succeeding evening concerts occurred too late for notice in this issue.

A recital at West Association Hall, Thursday evening, June 22, is to be given by the Educational Department of the Metropolitan School of Music. The programme will include a costume presentation of An Open Secret, scenes, recitations, musical selections and Greek tableaux. Admission will be by ticket only (10 cents each) which, after June 12, can be bought at the office of the Metropolitan or, on the evening of the recital, at West Association Hall.

The Musical Festival Committee have just issued a handsome and comprehensive prospectus setting forth a great deal of information regarding that event. The secretary reports very favorably regarding the subscription list.

The annual closing concert of Haverzal Ladies' College, Jarvis street, which took place on Friday evening of last week, was one of the most successful events of the kind ever given in the College. The musical faculty of Haverzal has always been of notable strength, and whilst both instrumental and vocal departments have

made a most enviable showing this season, the work more particularly of the vocal section has this year been especially remarkable for its excellence, both as regards the choral class and the solo singing. Much of the success of the singing and the unusually mature and artistic work of the vocal students this year is due to the musicianly oversight exercised in this department by Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James' Cathedral, whose appointment to the faculty of Haverzal College last year has added greatly to the strength and efficiency of the musical work of the institution. Dr. Ham's success as a vocal specialist in England prior to his acceptance of the appointment at St. James' has been most favorably commented on by leading musicians of the Old Land, where Dr. Ham's pupils have attained considerable prominence in the examinations of the various musical examining bodies of Great Britain. The young ladies who took part in the programme on this occasion were: In the piano department—Misses Sheppard, Polson, Perry and Crompton; in the vocal department—Misses A. Sheppard, Spier, Fitzgerald, Smith, Fortin, Little and Perry; and in the violin department—Miss Paterson.

The directorate of the Conservatory of Music announce that they have secured the services of Mr. William Yunk of Detroit, leader of the well known string quartette, to act as examiner in the violin department of the Conservatory, and Mr. Yunk will be in Toronto on Thursday, June 22, to perform the duties in connection with this appointment. Mr. W. H. Sherwood of Chicago and Mr. Arthur Bessford of Boston will also be at the Conservatory next week in the respective capacities of pianoforte examiner and vocal examiner. The recital to be given by Mr. Sherwood in the Conservatory music hall on Monday evening, June 19, is being looked forward to with much pleasure, and the programme provided on this occasion will be of great interest, the selections being as follows: Rheinberger—Fugue in G minor, op. 5, No. 3. (Sherwood-Bisson edition.) Mendelssohn—Wedding March and Elfin Dance, from the music to Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. Brahms—Rhapsodie in G minor, op. 79, No. 2. Schumann—Novelette in D, op. 21, No. 3. Ruff—Fairy Tale, op. 162, No. 1. Moszkowski—Waltz in F major, op. 31. Ballade in A flat, op. 47. Etude in C minor, op. 25, No. 12. Etude in F minor, Opere Posthume, No. 1. Etude in A minor (Winty Wind), op. 25, No. 11. Klein, Bruno, Ovar (New York)—Le Secret d'Amour, (Dialogue), op. 32. Whiting, Arthur (New York)—Concert Etude, op. 5. Sherwood W. H. (Chicago)—Autumn, op. 15 (Dillon edition). Macdowell (New York)—Witch's Dance, Etude in D flat. Liszt—Tarentella (Venezia e Napoli).

The closing exercises of St. Margaret's will commence on Monday evening, June 26, with a reception and musical, for the latter of which a delightful programme has been prepared.

The introduction of music into stage plays was at one time firmly resisted by the exponents of the classic drama. A good story is told of how Macready first received the innovation. When Charles Fechter was at the height of his success, Macready went to visit one of his performances, and occupied a private box at the Adelphi theater. Macready appeared deeply interested in Fechter's efforts until the orchestra struck up an accompaniment to the great French romantic actor's words. Horrified at this novelty, Macready sprang to his feet and having pronounced the one word "Music" in tones of majestic and withering sarcasm, left the theater and could not be persuaded to re-enter it. "No, sir," said he, "such monkey on the organ business is not suited to any person laying claim to the distinction of being an actor."

The Toronto section of the Associated Musicians of Ontario held a meeting for organization in the Y. W. C. A. hall, Elm street, on Monday evening last. Among those present were: Messrs. F. H. Torrington, A. S. Vogt, Dr. Edward Fisher, Messrs. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. Welsman, J. M. Sherlock, T. C. Jeffers, W. O. Forsyth, J. H. Anger, J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Denzil, Mrs. F. W. Lee and others. The following sectional council was elected for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. S. Vogt, W. E. Fairclough, W. O. Forsyth, F. C. Welsman and W. J. McNally. The proceedings were carried out with great harmony of spirit.

A very pretty waltz for piano, which will at the same time make a good salon piece, is Marjorie, by Mr. W. O. Forsyth.



Like all the composer's previous works it is distinguished by a native refinement, while having a very distinct melodic flow.

Miss Adele aus der Ohe will visit the United States and Canada again during the coming season. She will arrive in New York about the first of January. She has already secured engagements with the Boston Symphony and Chicago orchestras.

Another great artist who may be expected next season is the French solo violinist, Henri Marteau, who will open his season in New York about the middle of November.

A most successful recital was given by the pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy on Monday night in the Conservatory Music Hall, which attracted a large and delighted audience. The pupils who contributed to a programme in which the names of Mozart, Handel, Tosti, and other well known composers figured, were: Misses Vina Belegem, Zella B. Robinson, Maude Davidson, Maude Snarr, Ada Wagstaff, Florence Macpherson, Mabel V. Thomson, Maude Bryce, Mrs. S. G. McGill, and Messrs. Ernest A. Coulthard and Francis M. Hancock. The work of these ladies and gentlemen was excellent and always pleasing, and altogether the result was one of which Mr. Tandy may feel proud. Mr. Tandy himself sang several numbers with his accustomed finish, and had the assistance during the evening of Miss Maude Schooley, violinist; Mr. Leslie R. Bridgman, organist, and Mr. Donald Herald, accompanist.

Mr. Frederic Hymen Cowen, the distinguished British composer, was in town during the early part of the week on business of the Associated Board. The local musicians were unable to gain access to him, much to their disappointment. If it is true, as is stated, that he has allowed himself only three weeks of absence from England, it is not surprising that he was indisposed to take up time by granting interviews.

#### Notes from the Capital.

There was joy in Ottawa when it became known that the Ottawa ladies had beaten the ladies of Toronto at golf. The news spread with lightning rapidity through the town. At the garden party at Government House there was no one to whom one could impart the interesting tidings. It was a surprise, too, and, after the inglorious defeat at Quebec, a delightful surprise. The best part of it all was the friendly feeling shown on both sides, and the particularly nice manner in which the Toronto ladies took their defeat. They proved themselves ladies and good sports-women at the same time. No one has any but pleasant things to say of this team, and it is hoped they will visit Ottawa again, either individually or as a golf team. There was a luncheon at the Golf Club house on Tuesday after the match, which was as jolly as could be, quite a number of men coming out from town for it. The men had not luncheon with the ladies, but so enthusiastic were they that they joined with the professional waiters and waited on the ladies. Mr. Gill, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. A. J. Jones, Mr. Walde and Mr. Pugsley were among these gentlemen waiters. Shortly after luncheon the return to town was made, for a rest before dressing for the garden party was deemed by most of the lady golfers a thing absolutely necessary.

Five to seven were the hours of Lady Minto's reception on the lawns of Rideau Hall. The heat of the day was over, and the mosquitoes were having a siesta, or perhaps it was the superlative disagreeableness of the caterpillar that made one less observant of the mosquito. The caterpillars were there sure enough, in every form and size. They had much greater designs on the women than on the men, and every now and again the music-laden air was rent by feminine shrieks consequent upon the discovery of a caterpillar creeping between the cheek of the insect—the meshes of soft chiffon overdress and the silken underskirt. The pretty Countess was charming to behold in cream silk, India silk made en princesse with no lining, but falling softly to the left side of the corsage. The hat was a steel-gray toque with a heavy plume of white osprey. An odd dress indeed. There was not another like it at the garden party, and it was quite among the most picturesque, if not the prettiest. After the formal reception part the Countess of Minto moved about among the guests with pleasant words for everybody, and leading by the hand a small sailor boy—the sweetest thing imaginable in white duck—Hon. Esmond Elliot, who looked a wee bit bored with all the pretty speeches made to him by the smartly dressed ladies. He was much happier later when at play with his little friend, Miss Esme Drummond. Viscount Melgund, the elder brother of the cherub of the navy, was another jolly Jack-tar, having a great time apparently with a brother sailor, young Mr. Drummond of Rideau Cottage. Lady Eileen, Lady Ruby, Lady Violet Elliot and the Misses Drummond were a cluster of pretty little girls from the school-room, in simple white frocks. Mrs. Drummond, whom not to admire is an admission of not being fashionable, was, as usual, handsome, in

black silk trimmed with bands of black lace. There was a gorgeous display of handsome gowns at this garden party, and although there was little else to do but look at the gowns, that was quite worth while. The ladies from Toronto were not by any means the least smart. Even those who wore golf clothes and red coats came in for many compliments. Mrs. Cameron of Toronto had on a lovely gown of bright blue silk, dotted with white, a white yoke and some black trimming. It was a well fitting princess, and the hat that went with it was decidedly becoming. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, in a glorious gown of apricot silk, was immensely admired. Then there was Mrs. Auguste Bolte, in pearl gray with applique of white; Miss Hodgins in white muslin over pink silk; Mrs. Warren in a lovely tan costume—a fair representation of the Queen City. Mr. Munro-Grier was an interesting male visitor from Toronto.

Lady Minto, with Mrs. Drummond, attended the annual meeting of the executive of the Maternity Hospital last Saturday, and rather astonished everybody by suggesting in most urgent terms the building of a new wing to the hospital, putting herself at the top of the subscription list for \$250. This is the first time on record that the wife of a Governor-General has been satisfied to follow in the footsteps of her predecessors; these ladies usually prefer hewing out a new path for themselves. The predecessor in the case was Lady Aberdeen, who in the first year of her reign founded this Maternity Hospital. Afterwards, to the casual observer, it seemed as if the Maternity Hospital was cast into the shade by the superior charms of the Victorian Order of Nurses. However, it has never ceased to exist.

The Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club was opened formally on Wednesday afternoon at a tea, at which the hostess was Mrs. Sidney Smith, the wife of the president. The choice of Mr. Sidney Smith as president has given great satisfaction and is likely to make the lawn tennis club more popular socially than it has been for years. Hon. R. R. and Mrs. Dobell, and Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Brown, left on Friday of last week for Beauvoir Manor, the beautiful country place of Mr. Dobell overlooking the St. Lawrence, near Quebec. Miss Dobell, although she left town with the rest of the party, is going first on a salmon fishing expedition up the Metapedia with a party of New Yorkers.

Lord and Lady Minto have decided upon spending the summer at Stanley House, New Richmond. There is no doubt, however, that it is a *demerit resort*, and would never have been chosen had they been able to find suitable quarters elsewhere. The first large summer dance was given last Friday night at Hotel Victoria. The hosts of the evening were the members of the Victoria Golf Club, a club formed among the boarders at the hotel in connection with the hotel links. A number of prominent ladies were the patronesses. Of these the only ones present were Mrs. W. A. Allan, Madame Laverne, Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Staton. It was a jolly dance, with good music, good floor and good supper, which appeared to be the three requisites for a dance. Special cars brought the guests from and back to town.

Lady Edgar left early in the week to attend the Historical Exhibition in Toronto. Mrs. Drummond, wife of Major Drummond, spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Elliot and their children left on Tuesday for Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, where they have a cottage and will spend the summer. Miss Marion Scarth, who accompanied them, will spend a month there. Judge and Mrs. Gwynne have taken a cottage for the summer on the mainland, between Brockville and Fernbank. The latter place has of late years been most popular with Ottawa people, many of whom have bought cottages. Miss Jessie Scarth left this week.

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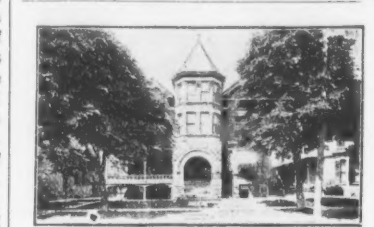
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Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are to be in Toronto on the 20th. They will be guests at Miss Mulock's wedding next day.  
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Florence Goldman, are for a short stay in New York, whither they went to see their son, Mr. C. E. A. Goldman, off on the Teutonic for the Henley regatta.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town Wednesday.

Miss Elsie Burk, a sunny-looking little maid from Port Arthur, was at the Rossin this week with her father, Mr. D. F. Burk, one of the energetic New Ontario men who are arranging the Legislative tour through Algoma.

Much interest was taken this week in the visiting cricketers from the Royal Military College, Kingston, who played at Parkdale on Tuesday and at Rosedale on Wednesday. Col. Kitson, Major Vanstraelen and Capt. Logan were with the cadets who made up the team. I hear that the Major and the Captain are both spoken of as possible representatives of Canada in the International cricket match this year.

A large number of Toronto's young people gathered at the residence of Miss Muriel Massey in Rosedale last Wednesday evening. Although rain prevented the bicycle ride, a most enjoyable evening was spent. Singing and dancing was the order of the evening, and time passed all too soon for the assembled guests. Among those present were: Miss Aggie Young, the Misses Wright, Miss Trees, Miss Muriel Sweetman, Miss Nash, Miss Muriel Smellie, the Misses Smith, the Misses Fuller, Miss Margaret Noble, Miss Katie Cross, Miss Louise Lewis, Miss Florence Baird, Miss Isabel McWilliams, Miss Allen, Miss Bond; Messrs. J. J. Wright, A. B. Wright, Jas. Young, R. G. Smellie, Fred. Harrison, Stan. Sweetman, J. McWilliams, Ned Noble of St. Paul, G. D. Chadwick, H. S. Thorne, Scott Waldie, P. Waldie, S. Trees, Charles Sweetman, John Sweetman, John Rogers, Alex. Gillies, Jack Creelman, Hugh Smith, J. Barker, Irwin Ardagh, Jack Palmer, and many others. Dancing was kept up till midnight, when the party reluctantly bade their charming hostess good-night.

Dr. George Bingham of Isabella street and Miss Emma Wilson of Kingston are engaged to be married.

Dr. and Mrs. Young of College street returned this week after a three weeks' sojourn in different cities of the United States. Dr. Young was a delegate to the American Railway Surgeons' Convention at Richmond, Va. After the convention was over, he and Mrs. Young visited Old Point Comfort, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. Mrs. Young has improved in health considerably, notwithstanding the fright which she sustained while staying at the St. Denis Hotel in New York, which took fire at two o'clock on the morning of June 9.

The German Conversation Club will meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. McColl, 289 Carlton street.

This afternoon, June 17, the Y. W. C. Guild will give a garden party at the home of their president, Mrs. Elias Rogers, in Deer Park. Admission and tea are fifteen cents and the proceeds are in aid of that delightful Island cottage, which has been such a rest cure for tired girls for several seasons. The garden party is from 4 to 9 o'clock and the place easily accessible from the street cars.

The U and I Club held a very successful wheeling party to Scarborough Bluffs on Friday evening, June 9, between thirty-five and forty couples accepting the committee's invitation. After a delightful ride to the Bluffs, refreshments were served and dancing indulged in. The return trip to the city was equally enjoyable, and all present were unanimously of the opinion that the trip had been the best of the season.

## What's Correct for Outdoor Sports.

The "plates" show perhaps the most artistic and attractive styles ever shown in costumes for both men and women, specially designed for golfing and cycling. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, speaks here particularly to men. He is showing some decided novelties, some things so far different from the ordinary run of styles that one will be spared the monotony of them and will yet be distinctly in correct style. While the designs in styles are too varied to enumerate here, you can always be sure that Mr. T. can show you something extra fine in quality, ultra-stylish and perhaps bordering on the unique. You had better call and consult him on sporting garments generally.

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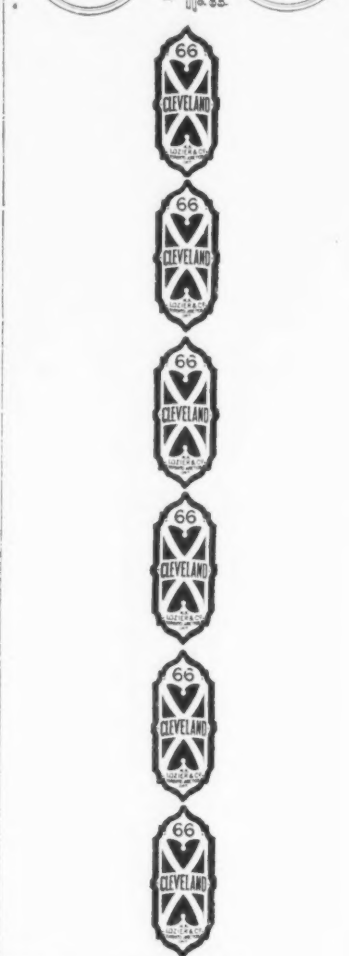
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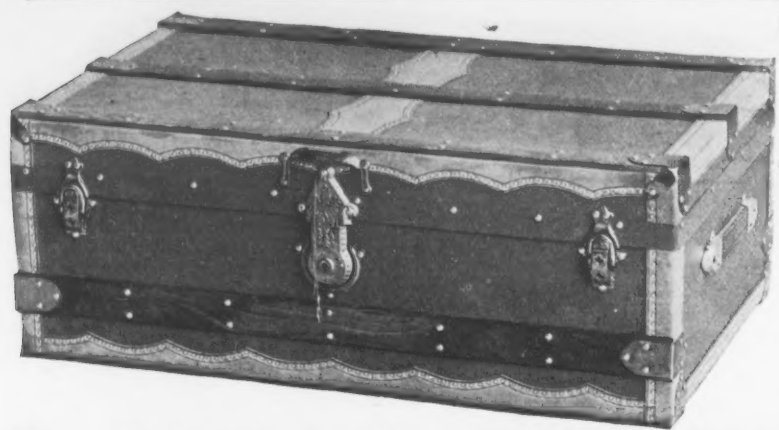
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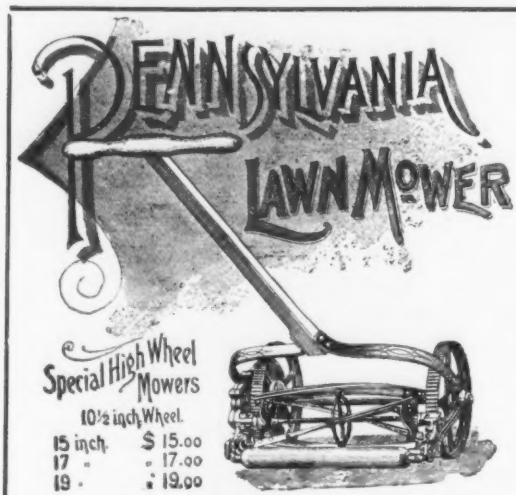
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### Social and Personal.

His many friends in Toronto will be pleased to learn of the well-earned promotion that has fallen to Mr. B. O'R. Sloane, formerly on the Toronto staff of the Quebec Bank. The papers report his appointment to the important office of Accountant of the Quebec Bank, Montreal.

Mr. Luxton of Victoria, B.C., and Miss Martin, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Martin, Q.C., of Ballynahinch, Hamilton, are engaged to be married.

Lady Howland is in St. Catharines, taking a course of baths for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh are giving an At Home to-day at their charming villa, Lynne Lodge, on the lake shore.

### A Street Car Dialogue.

"What is the matter?" asked Smith as his friend Thompson sat down beside him in the street car; "you look about as happy as a wet cat?"  
"I look no worse than I feel," said Thompson, moodily.  
"What's the matter, old man?" asked Smith anxiously. "Business bad?"  
"No," said Thompson, shortly.  
"What then?"  
"Everything," said Thompson.  
"That's bad," said Smith, commiseratingly. "In fact it is about as bad as it can be."  
"The fact is," burst out Thompson, "I don't get along happily with my wife."  
"I understood she was an angel," said Smith in surprise.  
"She doesn't know anything about cooking," said Thompson.  
"That's not part of an angel's business," said Smith.  
"Well, it should be," said Thompson, savagely. "I couldn't get to sleep for hours last night. When I did drop off I dreamt there was a tomb-stone on my chest."  
"Indigestion," said Smith.  
"My wife's cooking," said Thompson.  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said Smith.  
"Eh?" said Thompson.  
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," repeated Smith, "they'll fix you."  
"How do you know?" said Thompson.  
"Tried 'em," said Smith.  
"Did they cure you?" asked Thompson anxiously.  
"They did," replied Smith, emphatically.

"Now, I tell you what you do. You get a box or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and take one tablet after every meal. That'll digest your wife's cooking or any other angel's cooking. In that way you give your wife a chance to learn how to cook, and you're both happy in the meantime."

"How much are they?" asked Thompson.  
"Fifty cents a box. Any druggist will sell you Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said Smith.



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#### Births.

PITT—June 12, Mrs. W. F. Pitt—a son.  
STEELE—June 11, Mrs. H. G. L. Steele—a daughter.  
HATHAWAY—June 5, Mrs. Edwin O. Hathaway—two daughters.  
BAGLEY—June 3, Mrs. Alexander Bagley—a daughter.  
GASH—At 55 Spadina road, May 31, Mrs. Norman Blain Gash—a son.  
SPARROW—At 86 Macdonell avenue, Parkdale, on June 7, to Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm W. Sparrow—a son.  
LESLIE—June 1, Mrs. Alexander Leslie—a daughter.

#### Marriages.

TRAYES—ROSE—in Toronto, on Monday, June

12, by Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Helen Ainsworth Ross, eldest daughter of Mr. B. P. Ross of Port Hope, to William F. Trayes, editor of the Port Hope Times.  
McKEOUGH—McRAE—On June 5, at St. Joseph's Catholic church, Beverton, by Rev. Father Cantillon, Mary Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Captain Wm. McKee of Cedar Beach, Lake Shore, to James Edwin McKee of Toronto.  
CALDEROTT—McBRINE—June 6, Frederick Calderott to Margaret Euphemia McBrine.  
LAFREY—PARSONS—June 8, L. E. LaFrey, M.D. of New York, to Annie Edith Parsons of Toronto.  
SPRINGETT—EMERSON—June 7, J. B. Springett to Carolyn Emerson.  
PATRICHIE—BERRYMAN—June 7, Hugh Patrichie of Milwaukee to Valance St. Just Berryman.  
FOX—ARMSTRONG—June 7, Charles J. Fox to

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Mabel T. Armstrong.  
LANGMUIR—CAYERS—June 6, Columbus, Ohio, Edwin Arthur Langmuir of Toronto to Marie C. Cayers.  
HANSEN—FRANKS—June 10, Paul Hansen of Copenhagen, Denmark, to Mrs. Lily Franks of Toronto.  
MANSFIELD—DENVER—June 6, Chicago, Ill. Mansfield to Ida Denver, both of Toronto.  
LEE—McELDERY—June 11, William T. J. Lee to Mary Gertrude McElderly.  
LENAHAN—CAROLAN—June 12, J. D. Lenahan of Buffalo to Marcella Carolan.  
BRETHOUR—COSANT—June 11, F. Brethour to Alice M. Cosant.  
MCLAY—BOYD—June 13, Walter S. W. McLay to Margaret Boyd.  
SOWDON—ELLIS—June 11, Arthur F. R. Sowdon to Charlotte Ross Ellis.

#### Deaths.

SPRY—Francis P. Spry, aged 72.  
DAY—June 11, Mrs. Lewis C. Day.  
HALE—Mrs. Mary Barbara Hale, aged 77.  
HAYES—June 12, Hamilton, Thomas Hayes, aged 48.  
SHIRLOW—June 11, Archibald Shirlow, aged 59.  
CAMPBELL—June 11, Thomas Henry Campbell.  
HAYES—June 10, M. J. Hayes, aged 37.  
CARLTON—June 8, Alexander Carlton, aged 42.  
WOLLEY—June 8, Wm. Wolley, aged 55.  
LEWIS—June 8, Samuel Henry Lewis, aged 41.

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